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Music by
John H. Densmore

$1.50

Book & Lyrics by
Harold Ofiz

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BOODLE and CO.

A Musical Play

IN A PROLOGUE, TWO ACTS, AND EPILOGUE.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Book and Lyrics by HAROLD OTIS.

Vocal Score _____ $1.50

C. W. THOMPSON & CO.

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. Produced by the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard.

Boodle and Co.

CHARACTERS.

SIMEON BOODLE	*Rancher, hopeful but tired*	J.P. Bonditch
MRS. BOODLE	*The better and ruling half*	R. Lane
DAVID PLUMB	*Rancher, with tragic inclinations* ...	C. Shea
BESSIE BOODLE	*Simeon's daughter*	G. Lawton
ROGER FAIRFAX	*The pride of Bonanza*	S.A. Welldon
MR. MOPPET	*Prop. and m'g'r. of White Isle Lodge* ...	
MINNIE MOPPET	*His daughter*	P. Sanger
GUSSIE GRENVILLE	*Of London*	G. Aertsen
DUCHESSA MARIETTA CHINOLLA	*Of Italy*	M. Tilden
FRITZ	*David's unhappy companion*	H. Otis
CAPTAIN TRUMP	*Of U. S. Cruiser "Alaska"*	A.V. Baird

Cowboys, Guests, Waiters, Schoolgirls, Summergirls, Clerks, Sailors.

PROLOGUE. In front of Boodle's log cabin on a cattle ranch near Bonanza, Idaho.— Noon — Boodle falls asleep.

ACT I. The lawn in front of White Isle Lodge, an exclusive coast resort in American dreamland. — Afternoon. — The beginning of Boodle's dream.

ACT II. The same. — Evening. —The end of Boodle's dream.

EPILOGUE. Same as Prologue.—Night.—Boodle awakes.

Musical Director ... Mr. JOHN H. DENSMORE.

C. F. W. Schlimper, Engr. & Printer, Boston.

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Boodle and Co.

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Vocal Score.

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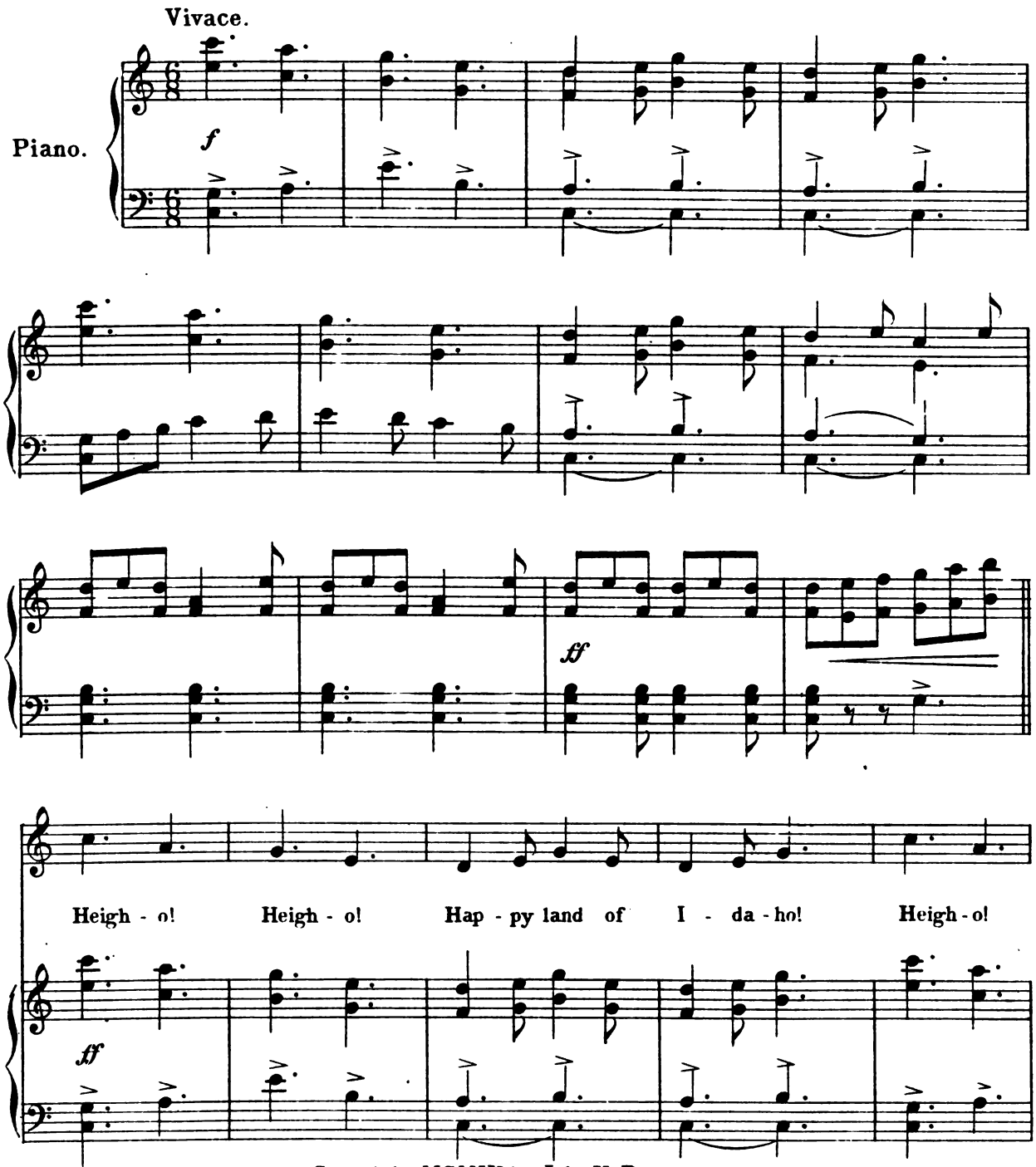
IDAHO.

No1. OPENING CHORUS, PROLOGUE.

Words by
HAROLD OTIS.

Music by
JOHN H. DENSMORE.



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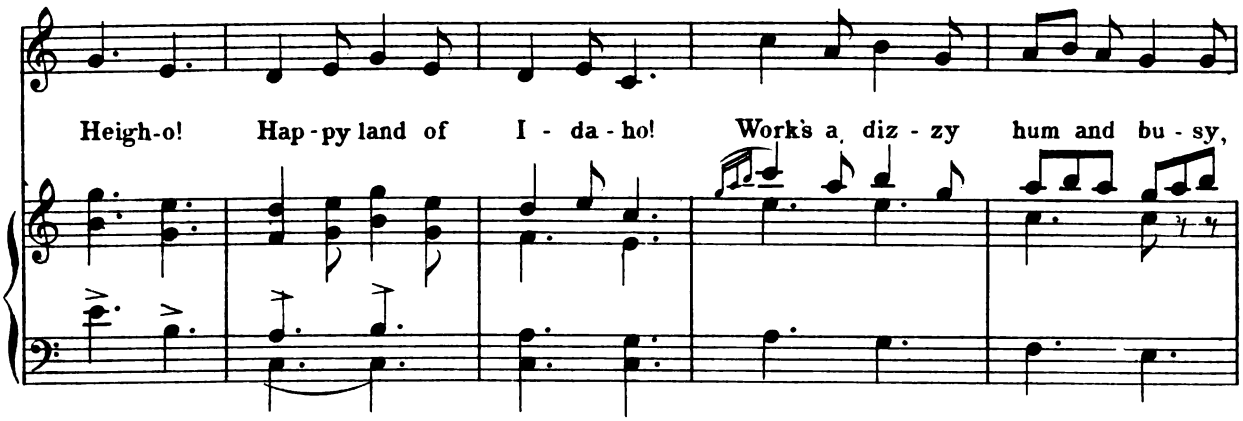

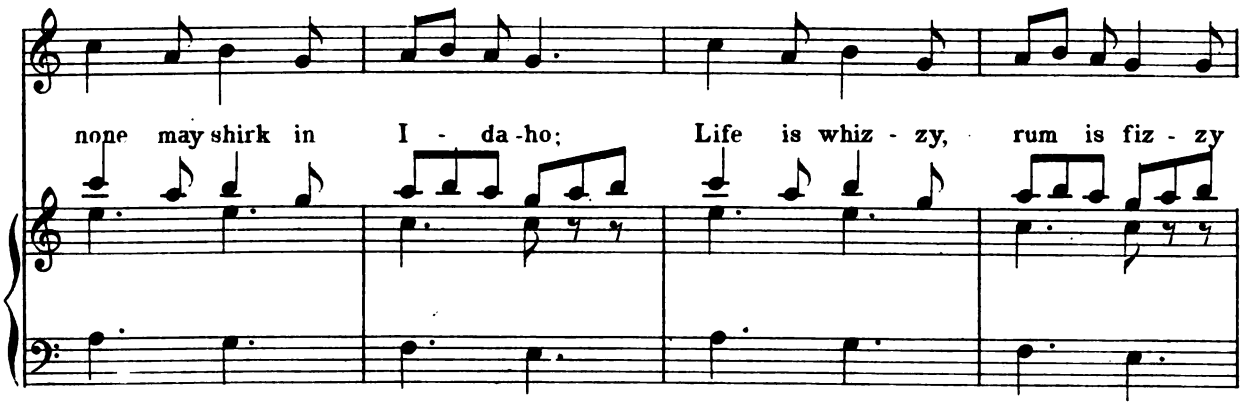

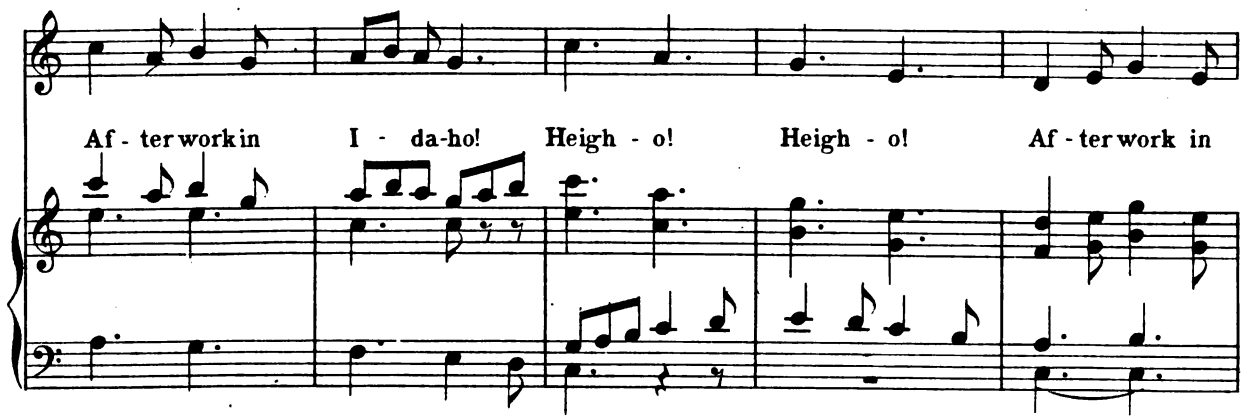

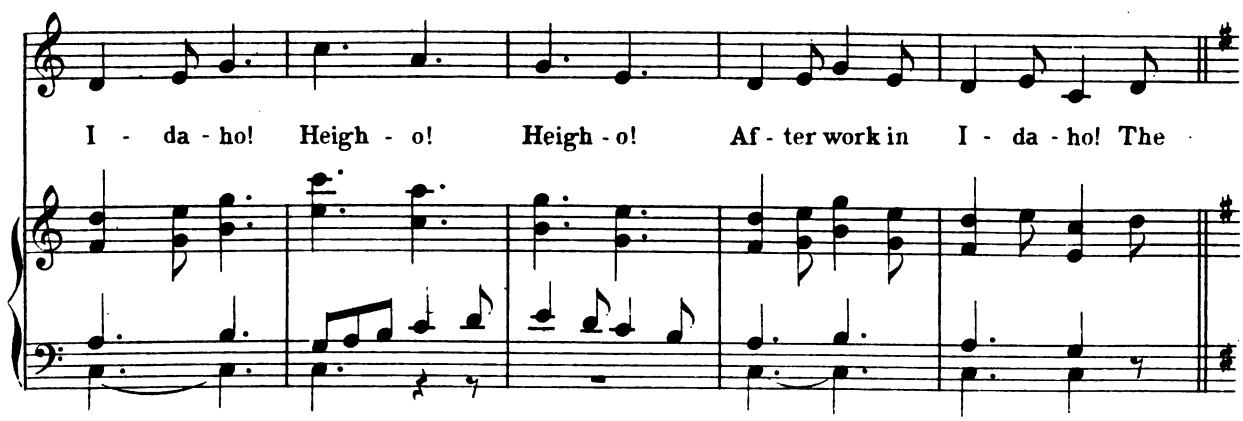

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on - ly time that we may rest Is but an hour ___ af - ter noon, The

sun is sin - king toward the west, The hour is o - ver soon.

Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Back to work in I - da - ho!

Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Back to work in I - da - ho!

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Ev - 'ry boy and ev - 'ry girl, Join - ing in the live - ly sound, Work - ing in a

mer - ry whirl, Help - ing moth - er earth a - round. Heigh - o! Heigh - o!

Hap - py land of I - da - ho! Heigh - o! Heigh - o! Hap - py land of

I - da - ho!

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WHITE ISLE.

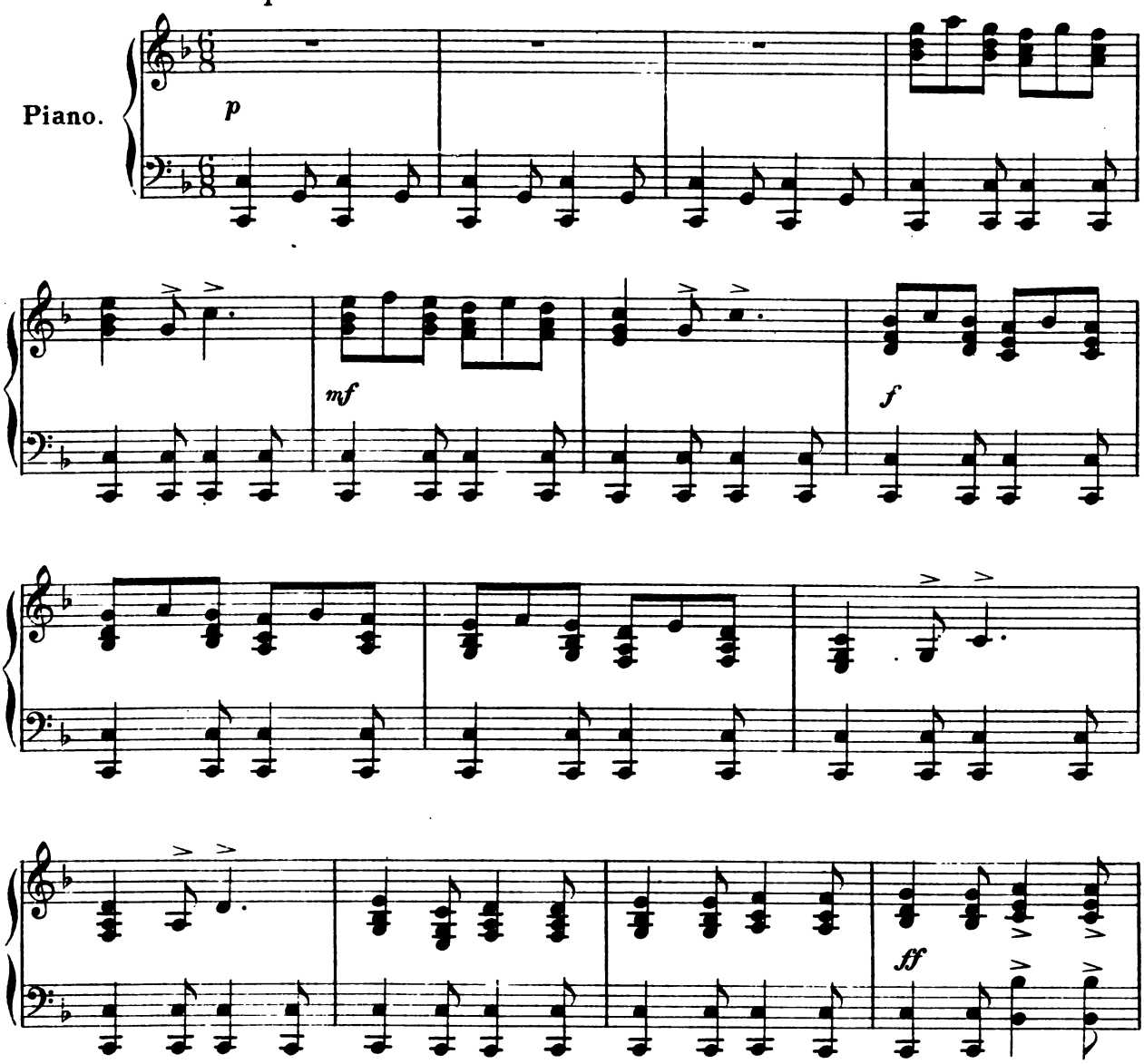
Nº 2. OPENING CHORUS, ACT I.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.

With spirit.

Piano.



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Chorus.

White Isle! White Isle! Qual-i - ty makes it

f

white! ___ White Isle! Bright isle! Jol - li - ty makes it

bright! ___ White Isle! Blithe isle! Fri - vol-i - ty makes it

blithe! ___ We glad - ly bring and mad - ly sing Our hear - ty praise to

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thee! Our love - ly White Isle! White Isle! Qual-i - ty makes it

white! White Isle! Bright isle! Jol - li - ty makes it

bright! White Isle's the right isle For a quite po -

lite isle! White Isle's the isle for me!

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ff

Summer Girls.

Mer-ry lit-tle sum- mer

mf

maids are we, And we ne-ver let a man go by. With-

out a smart a- - bout his heart. No mat-ter if he's bold or

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shy; For an - y lit - tle chap will do quite well, No

mat-ter if he's short or tall, We'd do him good, in -

deed we would! We al - ways do them all! ___ We'd

do him good, in - - deed we would! We'd do them

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all! Then Hey! Hey! The love - ly isle! Where ev - 'ry day and

all the while, The girls are gay and full of style, In this our love - ly

Cho.

isl - and. Then Hey! Hey! The love - ly isle! Where ev - 'ry day and

ff

all the while, The girls are gay and full of style Hip! Hoo -

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ray! ——

Waiters.

We are a fine do-

mf

mes - tic force, So don't for - get the wai - ter! We

wait in time you wait of course, But don't for - get the

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Moppet.

wái - ter! For a quar - ter we will fol - ler all your or - ders. But a dol - ler will be

Waiters. Rush! Rush! *Mop.*

bet - ter if your in a rush, And the Man - a - ger's fee is a

Waiters. Not much!

lit - tle green "V," But a "ten - ner" wouldn't make him blush! And the

f

Man - a - ger's fee is a lit - tle green "V," And that's not

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much. So Ha! Ha! The gol-den isle! Where stock is par and stew is vile; It's

pop - u - lar to pay your pile, In this our gol - den isl - and! So

Cho.

ff

Ha! Ha! The gol - den isle! Where stock is par and stew is vile; It's

pop - u - lar to pay your pile, Ha! Ha! Ha!

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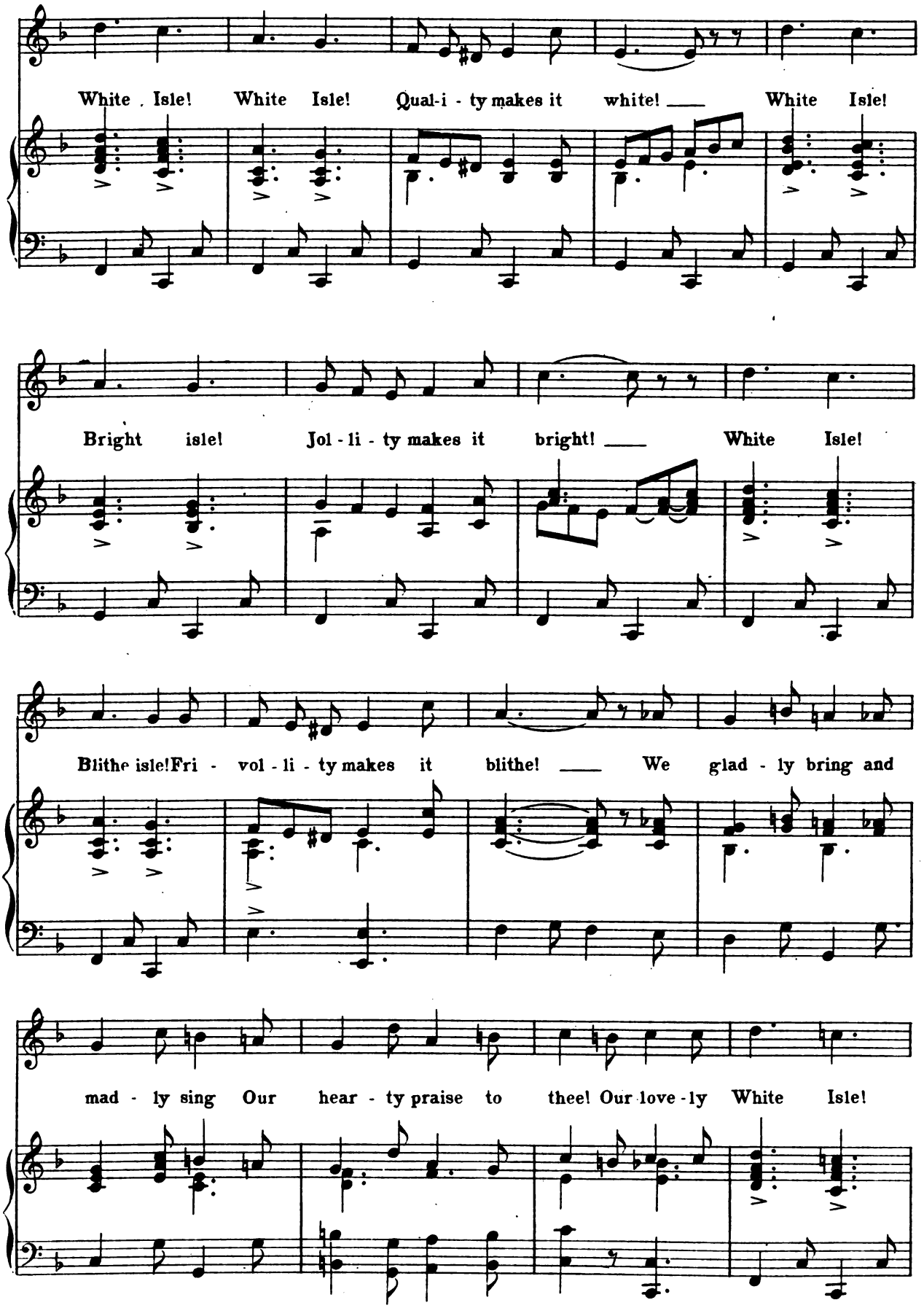

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White Isle! Qual-i - ty makes it white! White Isle. Bright isle!

Jol - li - ty makes it bright! White Isle's the right isle

For a quite po - lite isle! White Isle's the isle for

me!

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THE MANAGER'S DAUGHTER.

No 3. SONG.

Minnie and Chorus.

Words by
HAROLD OTIS.

Music by
JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Lively.

Voice.

Piano.

ff

Minnie

1. You can bet your face it's a fine young place— That's
2. In ap - pren - tice-ship I'm a rare young chip Of the

Moppet *Min.*

run by Pop. That's me! ——— He's a flos - sy dodge and he
pa - pa block. That's me! ——— I'm a walk - ing "Ad." for a

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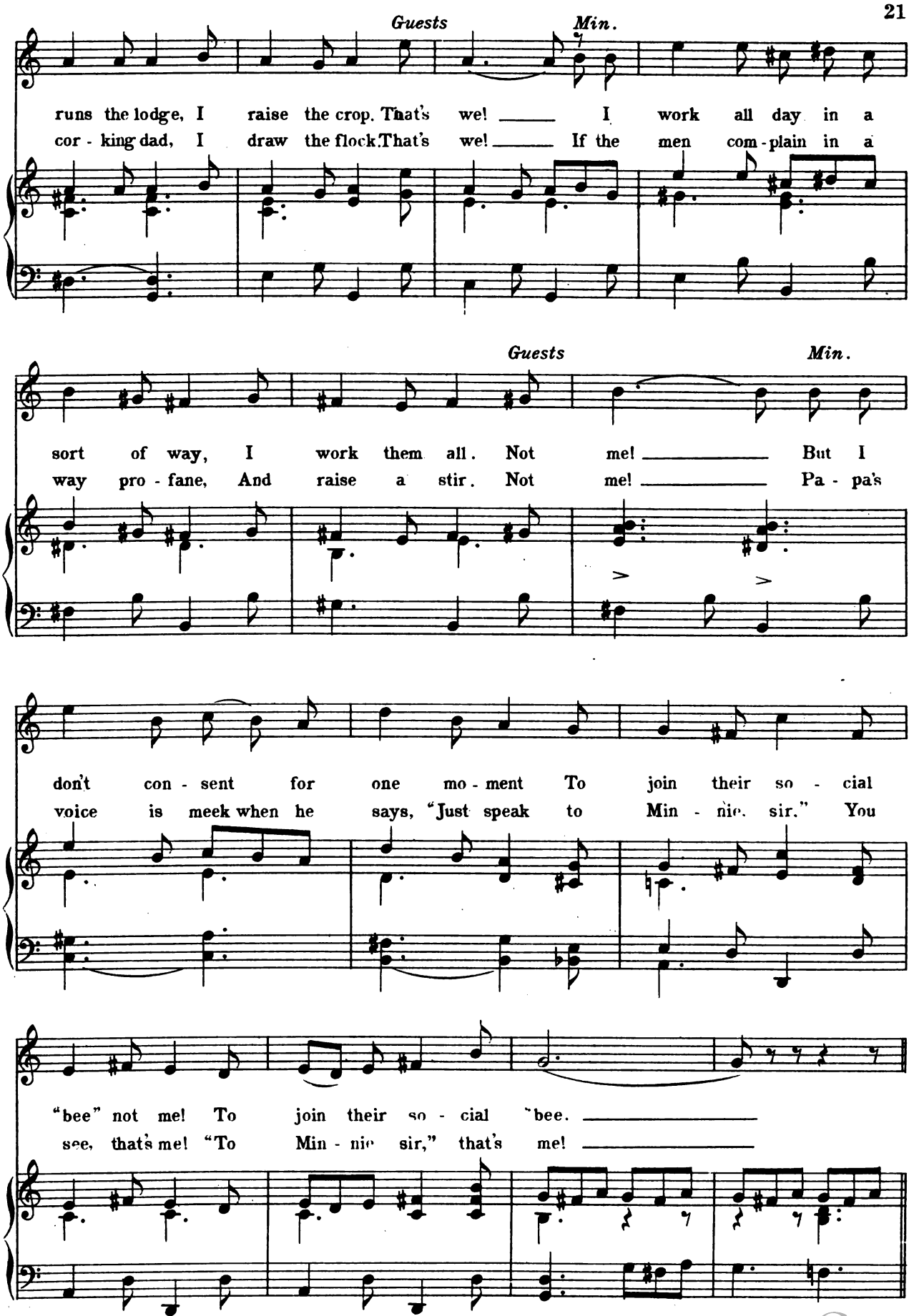

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Refrain.

I'm the man - a - ger's daughter! I'll man - age an - y bo - dy, I can

p

force a horse to wa - ter, And to drink it, clear or muddy! If a

"gent" de-clares we ought ___ ter Re - duce a sin - gle fee, ___ I

strike a pose and throw a glance, 'Till off he goes in a tran - quil trance, For

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I'm the man - a - ger's daughter! You can't fool me. See?

Chorus

You can't, for

ff

Min. I'm the man - a - ger's daughter! I'll man - age a - ny bo - dy, I can

Cho. She's the man-a-ger's daughter! She'll man - age a - ny bo - dy, She can

Min. force a horse to wa - ter, And to drink it, clear or mud-dy! If a

Cho. force a horse to wa - ter, And to drink it, clear or mud-dy! If a

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Min. "gent" de-clares we ought ter Re - duce a sin - gle fee, I

Cho. "gent" de-clares they ought ter Re - duce a sin - gle fee, She'll

Min. strike a pose and throw a glance, Till off he goes in a tran-quil trance, For

Cho. strike a pose and throw a glance, Till off he goes in a tran-quil trance, For

Min. I'm the man - a - ger's daughter! You can't fool me!

Cho. she's the man - a - ger's daughter! You can't fool her!

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IN ITALY.

Nº4.

SONG.

Marietta.

Words by
HAROLD OTIS.

Music by
JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Dreamily.

Voice.

Piano.

mf

p

1. O - ver the sea at home, Some one and I would roam, Un - der the glo - rious a - zure dome Of clear I - tal - ian
2. Ma - ny a wea - ry day I have been far a - way, Far from the land of love and play, Far from her kind - ly

cresc.

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sky; Of - ten we two would rove Deep in the ol - ive
sun; Seasons may come and go, Flow - ers may bloom and

grove; There, where our hearts we in - - ter-wove, Ah!
blow; Bur - ied tho' half the world in snow, Still

cresc. *f*

Would I had wings to fly!
I - ta - ly's love lives on!

mf rall.

Refrain.
Valse. *legato*

Far a - - - way o'er the sea, where the rose - bush blows, Where the

p a tempo

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or - - ange and mul - ber - ry tree, and the cit - - ron

cresc.

grows, Where the blue sea laughs in the sun-shine, The

mf *rall. poco*

blood runs red as the grape-vine, To - geth - er we'll rove in the

f *a tempo* *dim.* *mf*

cool ol - ive grove, Down in I - - - ta - - - ly.

dim. *p* *rall.*

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ORPHANS OF THE STAGE.

Nº 5.

DUET.

David and Fritz.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Allegretto.

Piano.

ff

David. We are a pair; Of ac - tors
Fritz. A - long the line, We make a

Fritz. That's me and him!
David. U - pon your gate,

Da. rare, But we don't do all our act - ing on the
Fr. sign, For we're mem - bers of the Walk - ing Ac - tors'

Fr. And ac - tor's thin!
Da. And seal your fate,

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Da. stage. We are pre - pared to act, or think, or say, Or
Fr. Trust! And we can mark you "Sim - ple Cinch" or we Can

Fr. Oh not at all! We are pre - pared to act, or think, or say, Or
Da. A trus - ty crew! And we can mark you "Sim - ple Chinch" or we Can

Da. do, or be, or speak, or play, What - e'er will bring a de - cent dai - ly
Fr. mark you "At a pinch," or E - ven mere - ly "Dog" and then we quick - ly

Fr. do, or be, or speak, or play, What - e'er will bring a de - cent dai - ly
Da. mark you "At a pinch," or E - ven mere - ly "Dog" and then we quick - ly

Da. wage. And poke and pry.
Fr. dust! Re - gar - ding dress.

Fr. wage, the where-with - all! And so we chase, From place to
Da. dust! You bet we do! We're not in style, But when we

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Da. And tie to tie.
Fr. And make ad - dress.

Fr. place. In hope of find - ing some-thing or some-one to
Da. smile, Were so gal - lant we seem to you the re - al

Da. With quip and quirk! We sim - ply live from day to day and door To
Fr. Quite *à la mode!* And so we hold you in the mesh - es Of our

Fr. do! We sim - ply live from day to day and door To
Da. thing! And so we hold you in the mesh - es Of our

Da. door we'd pass a - way be-fore We'd do a sin - gle stroke of sim - ple
Fr. art for our "pro - fesh" is Just to charm you like a ser - pent with a

Fr. door we'd pass a - way be-fore We'd do a sin - gle stroke of sim - ple
Da. art for our "pro - fesh" is Just to charm you like a ser - pent with a

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Both

work! ——— We're nif - ty, shif - ty orphans of the stage! ———
toad! ———

——— The pub - lic is our pen - ny pat - ron - age! ——— We

steal a - bout, Sh! Sh! ——— And feel a - bout, Sh! Sh! Just as

light - ly as an eye on the page. ——— We're

f

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re - lics of a past dra - ma - tic age; By

what we do our game you can - not gauge, For no

mat - ter what we do, No mat - ter what or who! We

do it as it's done up - on the stage!

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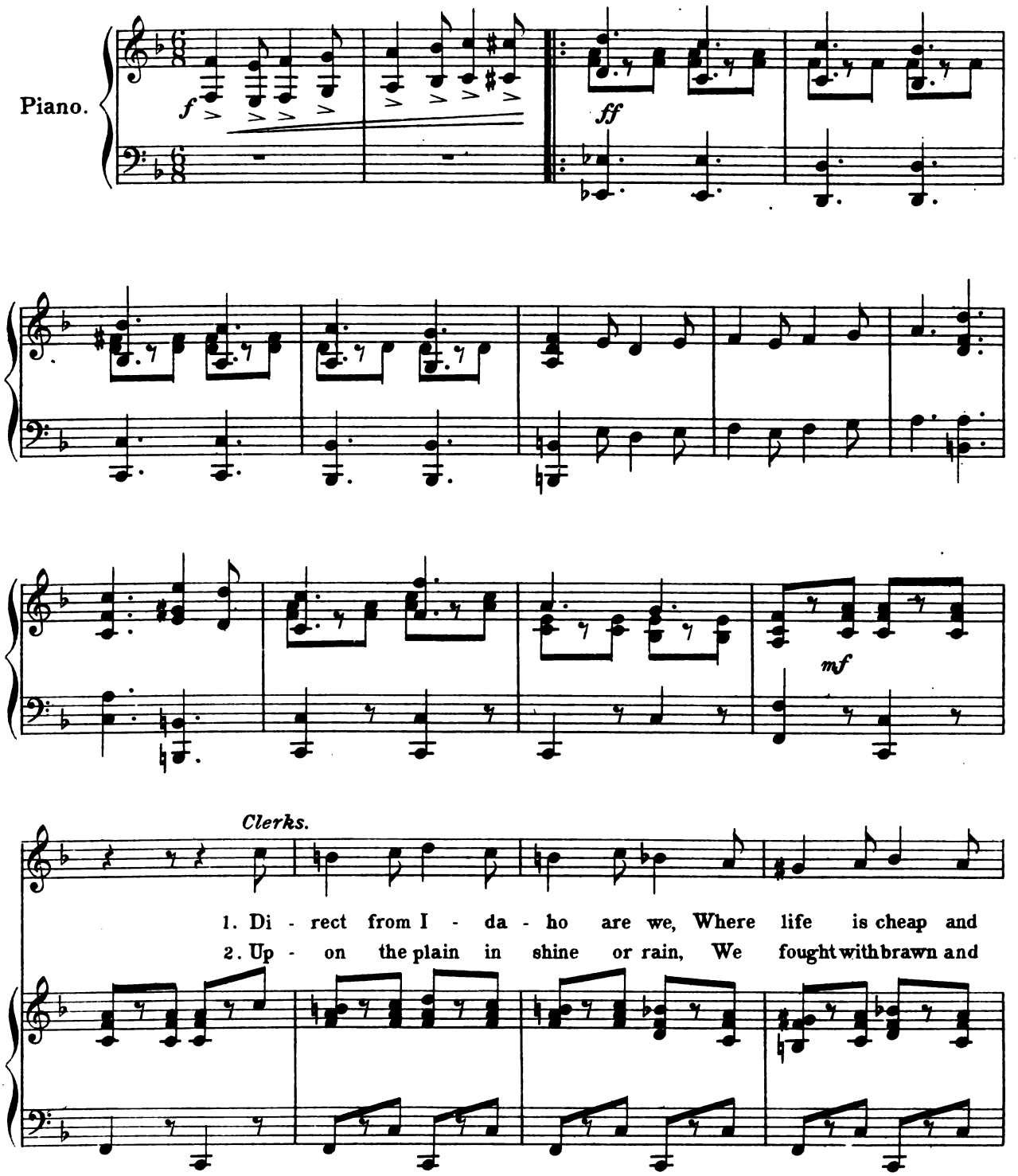
BOODLE AND COMPANY.

No. 6. CONCERTED NUMBER.

Boodle and Clerks.

Words by
HAROLD OTIS.

Music by
JOHN H. DENSMORE.



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law is free; We string up - on the near - est tree A
thought with brain, Un - til we found 'twas not in vain We'd

man in - clined to slan - - der; We'll bust a bron - co,
shown so much de - vo - - tion; 'Twas plain as day that

ride a bull, Or throw a steer with half a pull, And
there was naught, We did - n't know, that could be taught, And

e - ven when we're ve - ry full, A - bout the bar or wher -
so we got and so we ought (Or so we think with a

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-ev - er we are, We're scared of our com - man - - der; On
bit of a wink,) An ex - cel - lent pro - mo - - tion; And

Sa - tur - day noon we get our pay, And then all night we
in - to the of - fice then we went, And o - ver the desk we

sit and play, And mer - ri - ly gam - ble our mo - ney a - way, In
sit in - tent, And mer - ri - ly scrib - ble and cir - cum - vent, Be -

fact we are in clo - - ver; We ne - ver for - get to
com ing dai - ly prou - - der; There is - n't a doubt that

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take a gun, (A won-der-ful cha - ser af - ter rum!) There
we're the prop of bus - i - ness (else 'twould sure - ly stop), You

is an air of o - di - um A - bout the drink am -
real - ly ought to time us, thus You'd plain - ly see that,

po - ri - um, The town is pan - de - mo - ni - um, When
min - us us, The firm would be the fi - nest muss, That

Boodle.

our de - bauch is o - ver. And we work, For
e - ver made a chow - der. And we work, For

mf

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Boo. Boo - - dle and Com - pa - ny! No

Cl. Mis - - ter Boo - - dle,

Boo. trum - pe - ry can ac - com - pa - ny

Cl. Mis - - ter Boo - - dle, Mis - - ter

Boo. The firm, and so they

Cl. Boo - - dle!

Digitized by Google

Boo. want to be Real mem - - bers

Cl. Mis - - ter Boo - - dle!

Boo. of the "Co."

Cl. Though we

ff

Boo. I am

Cl. all are Boo - - dle's com - pa - ny,

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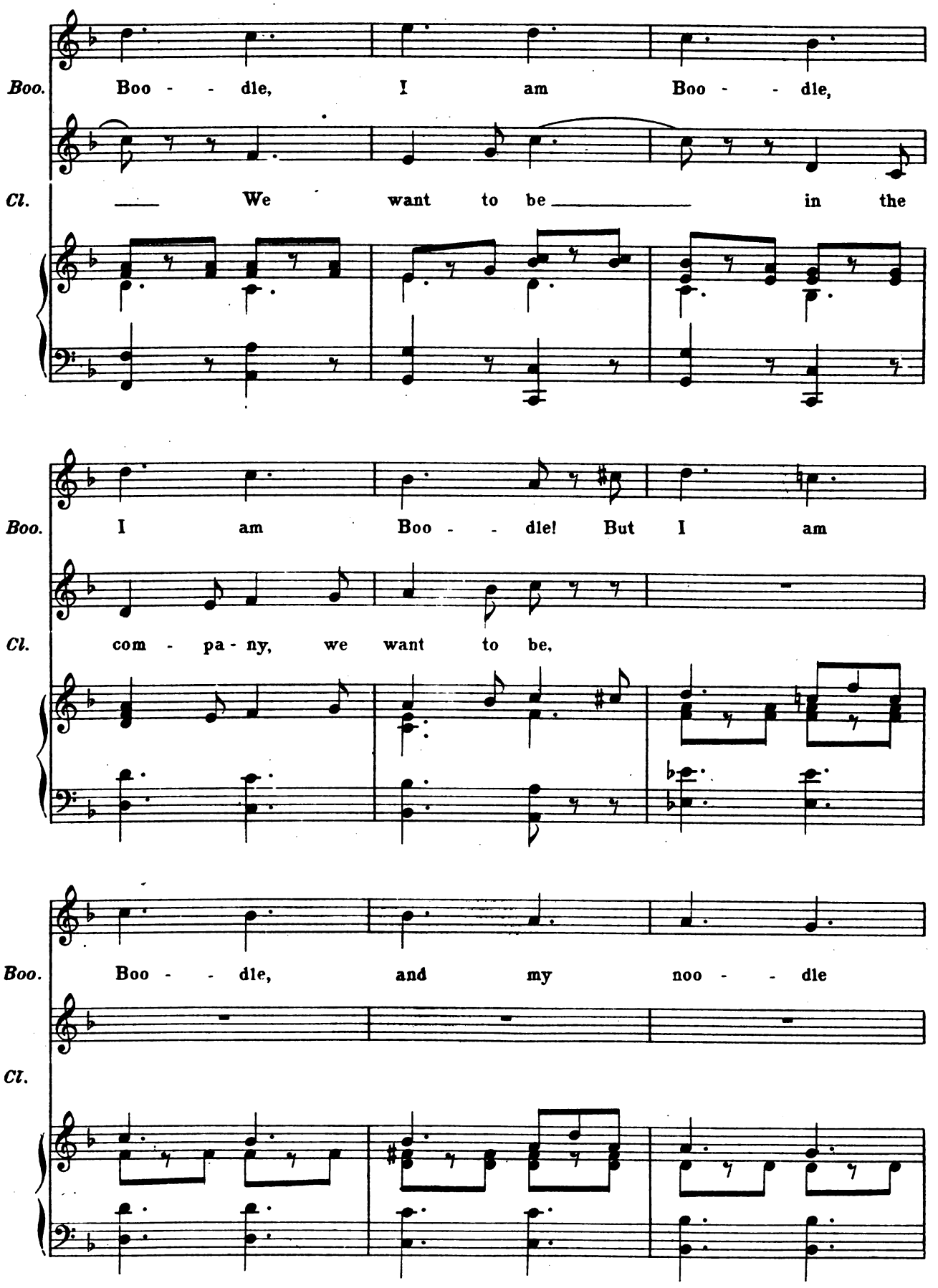

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Boo. Is the lone - ly one and on - ly "Co."

Cl. Coa -

Boo. Is the on - - ly real "co -

Cl. nut Is the on - - ly real "co -

1. 2.

Boo. coa." coa."

Cl. coa." coa."

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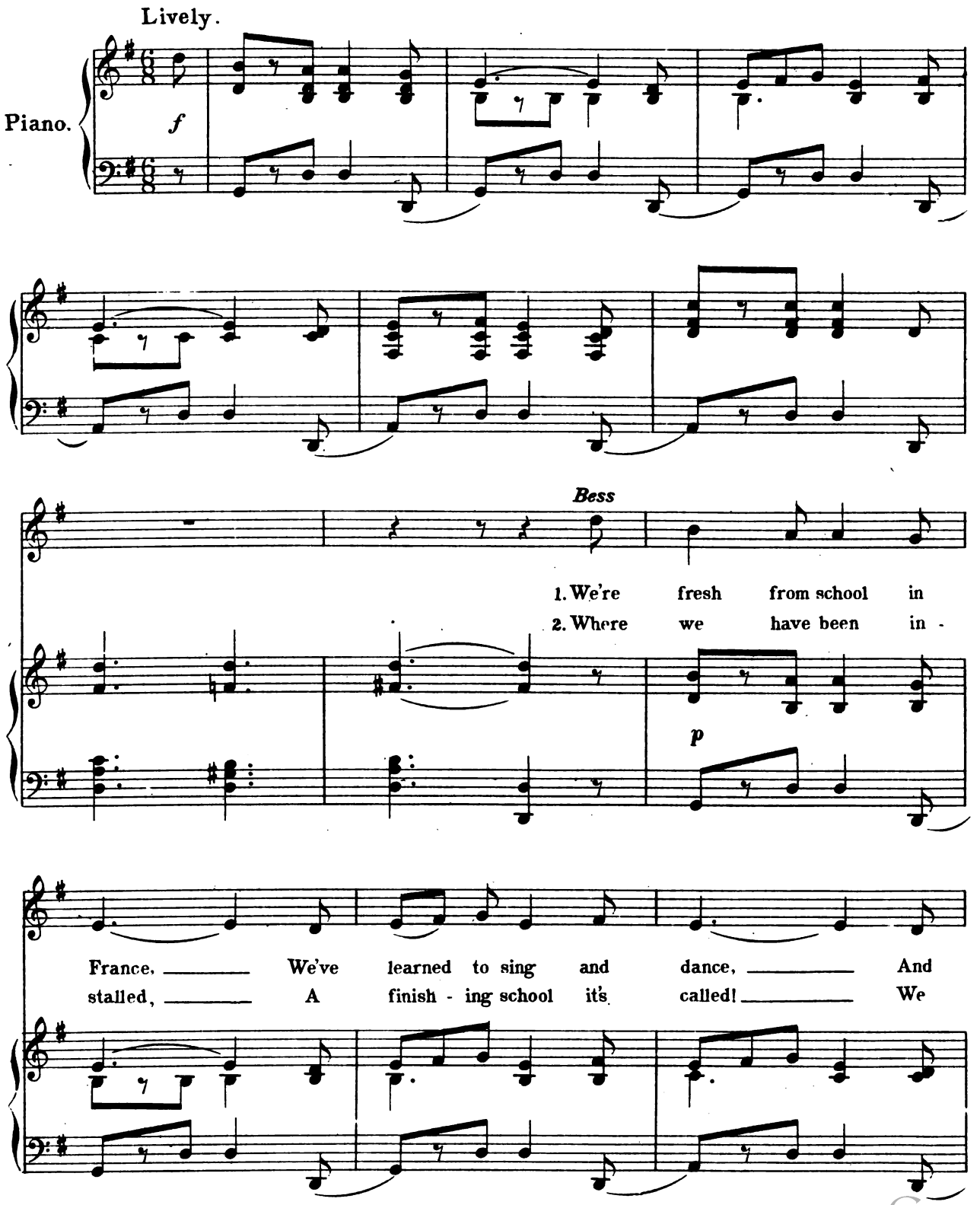
WE'RE FRESH FROM SCHOOL IN FRANCE.

Nº 7. SONG.

Bess, Fairfax, School-girls and Clerks.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.



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move with grace you can't ef - face In an - y cir - cum -
learned the pose to fin - ish those By whom we're not in

stance; Of men with - in our ken, We
thralled; Their love we quick - ly quench. Their

thrill nine - out of ten! The French we speak is
ar - dor fierce we drench; It's quite a cinch to

mag - ni - fique! We learned it from the men.
do it, since We fin - ish them in French!

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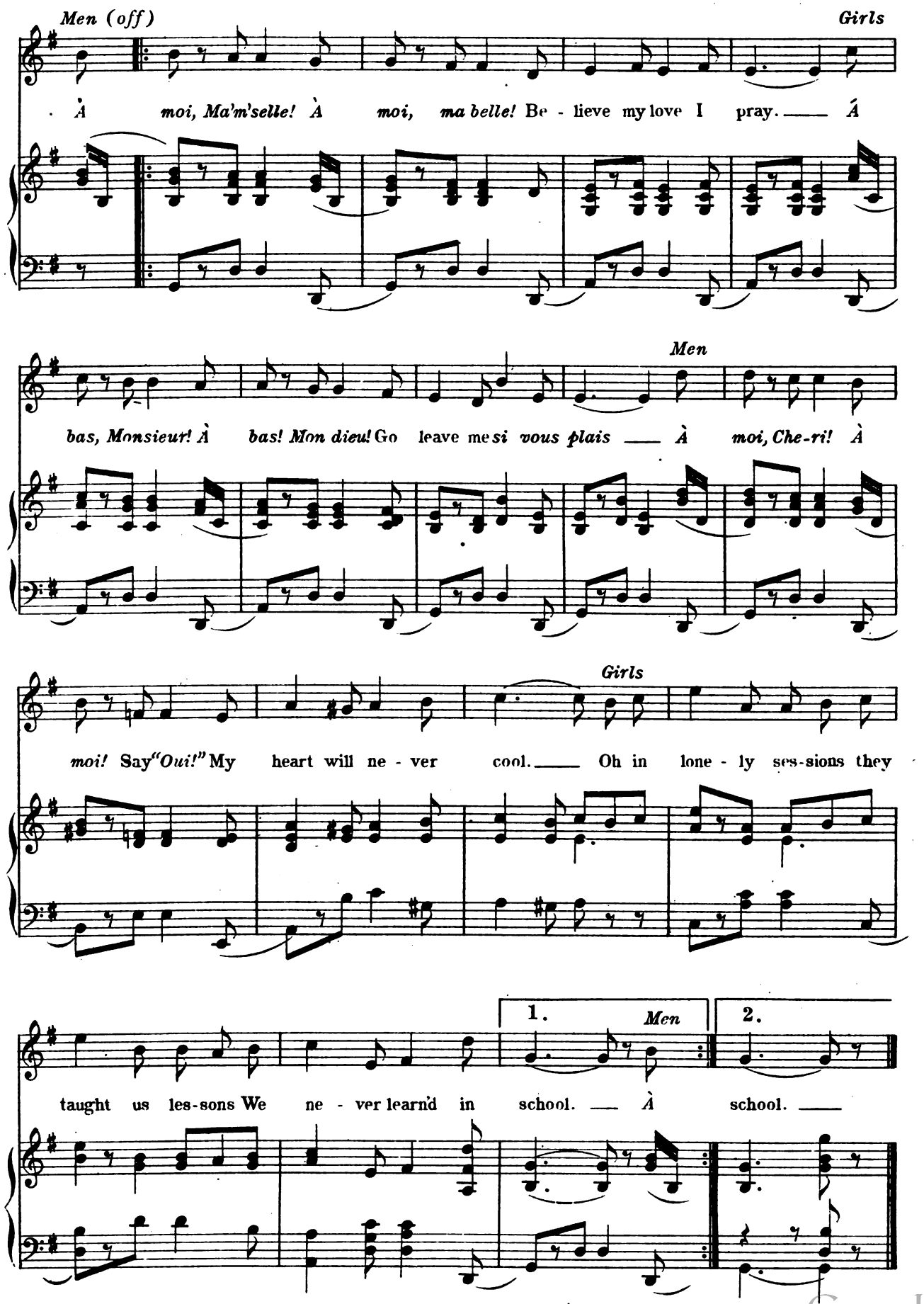

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No 8.

BLOW WINDS.

DUET.

Bess and Fairfax.

Words by
HAROLD OTIS.

Music by
JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Moderato.

Fairfax.

Piano.

Fair.

1. I don't see how a chap could be
2. Now sup - pose that when I pro - pose
3. I do buck up a - gainst hard luck!

p

In worse mis - er - y than I! I love a maid, but I
That we take a lit - tle sail, The girl says, "No I'm a -
I don't think it's real-ly fair; We need a gale for a

Digitized by Google

Fair.

can't e - vade A crowd, no mat - ter how I try.
fraid to go!" I find that noth-ing will a vail.
real good sail. But now there's not a breath of air.

Bess

I know a way that will win the day, Ask the mai - den,
You shouldn't fear; if you per - se - vere, I am sure you'll
You nev - er can, like a hun - ter - man, Make your catch by

Bess

for an hour or so, To go with you in a boat for two A -
have a chance to woo, For girls aren't slow and one I know Just
mere-ly lie - ing low, But if you should take a sail, (*Fair.*) I would, If the

Bess

Fair.

sail - ing! Will you go?
loves to sail! Do you?
wind would on - ly blow!

f

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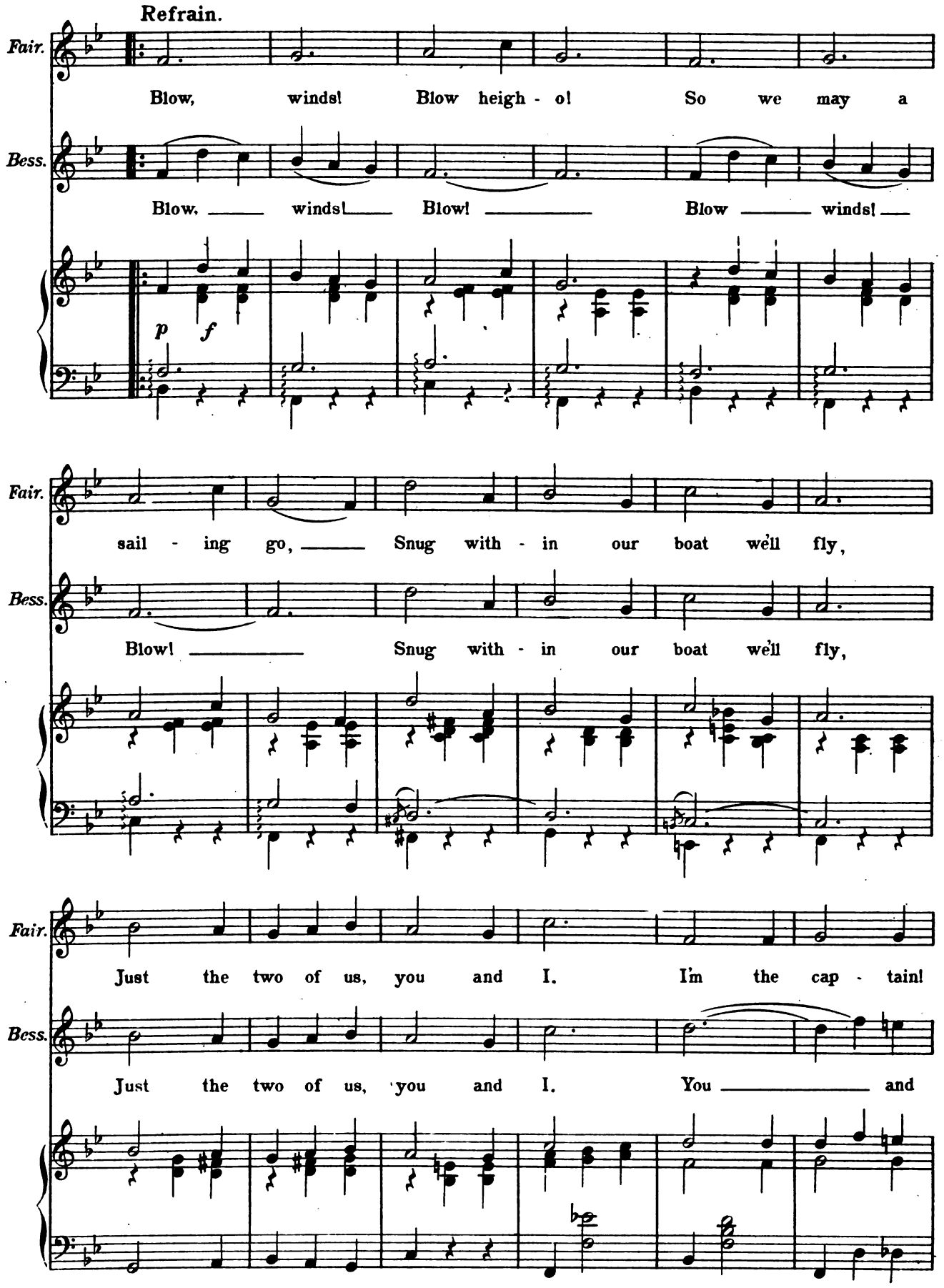

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Fair. Your my mate! We'll let Cu - pid na - vi - gate,

Bess. I! You and I!

Fair. Blow, winds! Blow! Blow! Blow!

Bess. Blow, winds! Blow! Blow! Blow!

1. Fair. Blow!

Bess. Blow!

2. Fair. Blow! Blow!

Bess. Blow! Blow!

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JUS' PLAIN GUS.

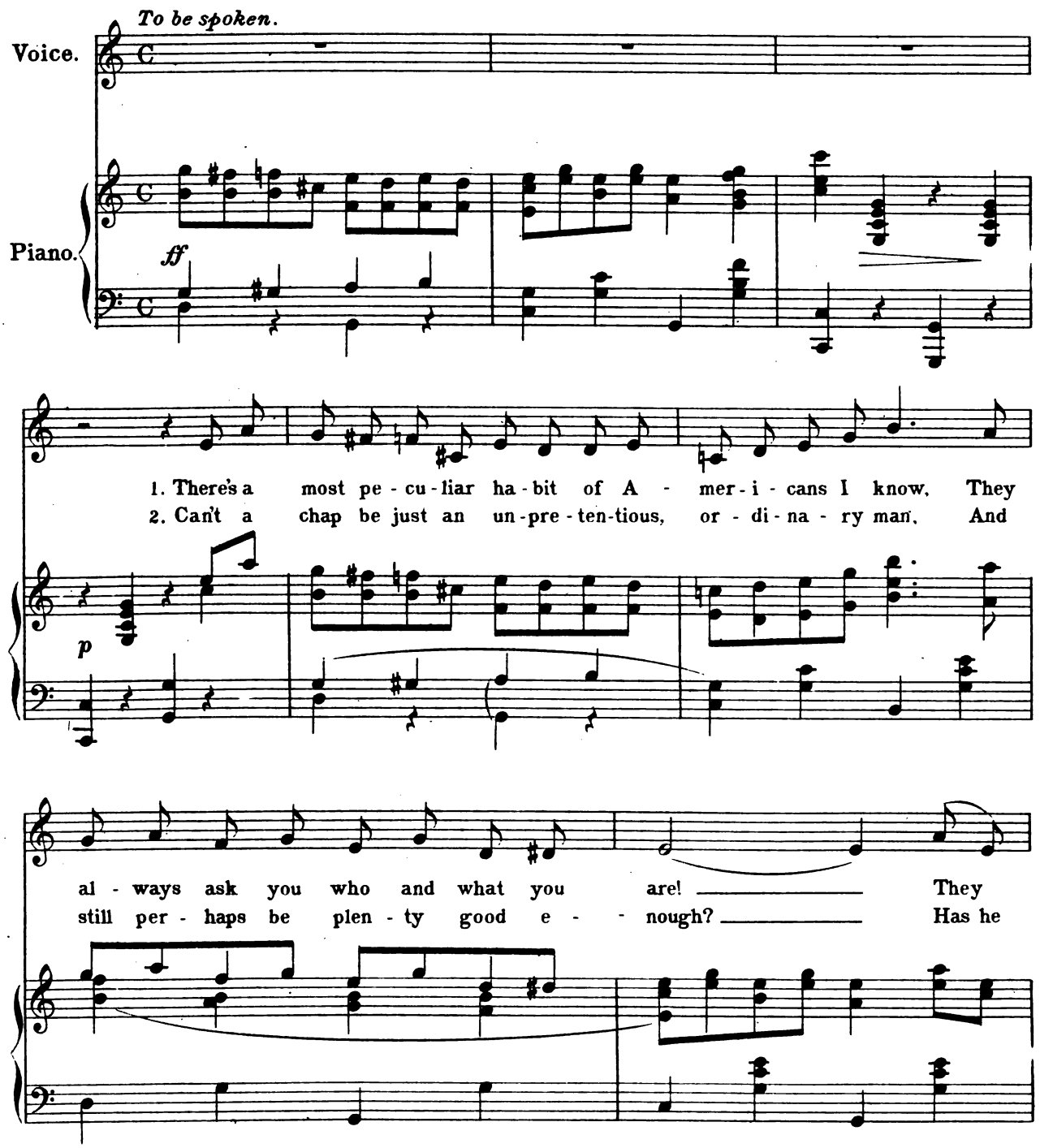
Nº 9

SONG.

Gus.

Words by
HAROLD OTIS.

Music by
JOHN H. DENSMORE.



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ne - ver like to take you on the man-ners that you show, They've
got to raise a rum - pus on his pri - vate lit - tle pan, Be -

got to see you quo - ted up at par; All this
fore you think he's real - ly up to snuff? Must his

"fame and glo - ry" rot is ve - ry nice, but not for me; And
name be in the head - ing of a lead - er in the *Times*? Why

what is more, I do not care a rap! I'm
is - n't *Sport - ing Life* as good as that? Some

Digitized by Google

noth - ing ve - ry won - der - ful, I hope I'll ne - ver be! I'm
rip - ping chaps don't fig - ure in your pub - lic pan - to - mines. That's

just a de - cent, jol - ly sort of chap. I'm an
just the sort of man you're look - ing at! I'm an

aw - f'ly jol - ly go, you know! With the la-dies quite a beau? Dear

p — *f*

no! Ra-ther handsome? Oh ab-surd! Yet I pro-mise you (My word!) They

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fre-quent-ly have told me so! I do not do *so* and

thus! I've no great brain - al muss! Oh Im

ne - ver ve - ry fus - sy, At the club they call me "Gus - sy," But for

us I'm jus' plain "Gus!" I'm an "Gus!"

1. 2.

f

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DA KUHN LOEB MUSIC LIBRARY

DANCE.

Not too slow.

Piano.

f

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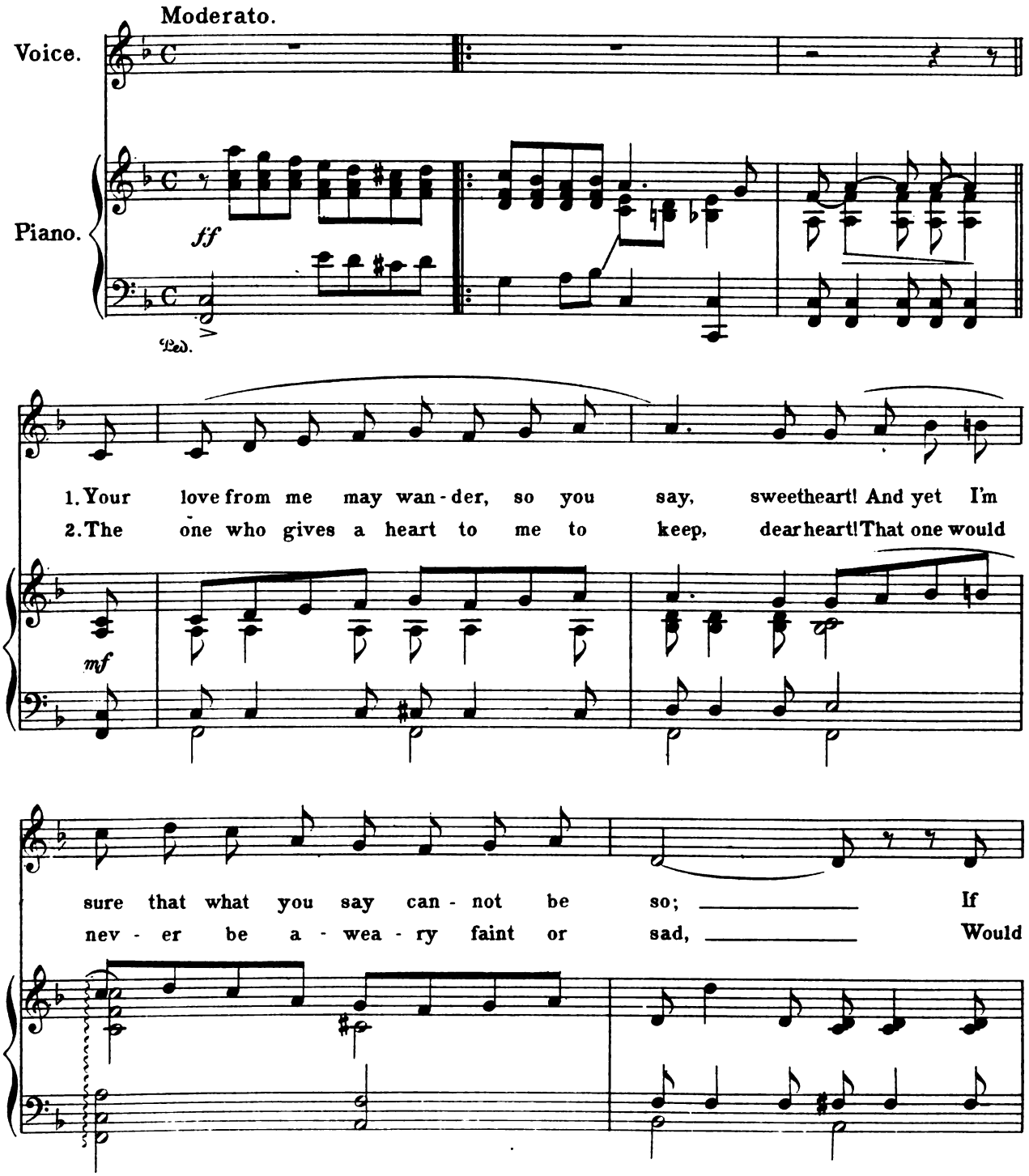
GIVE ME YOUR HEART.

Nº 10. SONG.

David.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.



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I might win your love for but a day, sweetheart! I'd
ne'er re - mem - ber what it was to weep, dear heart! And

ne - ver give it up a - gain, I know. Your
ne'er for - get that life and love are glad. I'd

heart is like a love - ly lit - tle shrine to me; A mass of
wor - ship at that lit - tle shrine, so pure, each day, And ah! How

wealth of jew - els rare is hid there - in! There
anx - ious - ly I'd scan each trea - sure rare! To

Digitized by Google

sa - cred beau - ty would be on - ly mine to see, For no one
know if one were lost, and yet I'm sure, each day That I should

ff *sf* *mf*

Refrain.

else but me should look with - - in. Give
find each spot - less trea - sure there. Give

rall. *a tempo* *p*

Valse Lento.

me your heart to keep, dear! Then I'll a mi - ser

be! My breast shall hide it deep, dear! And

Ped.

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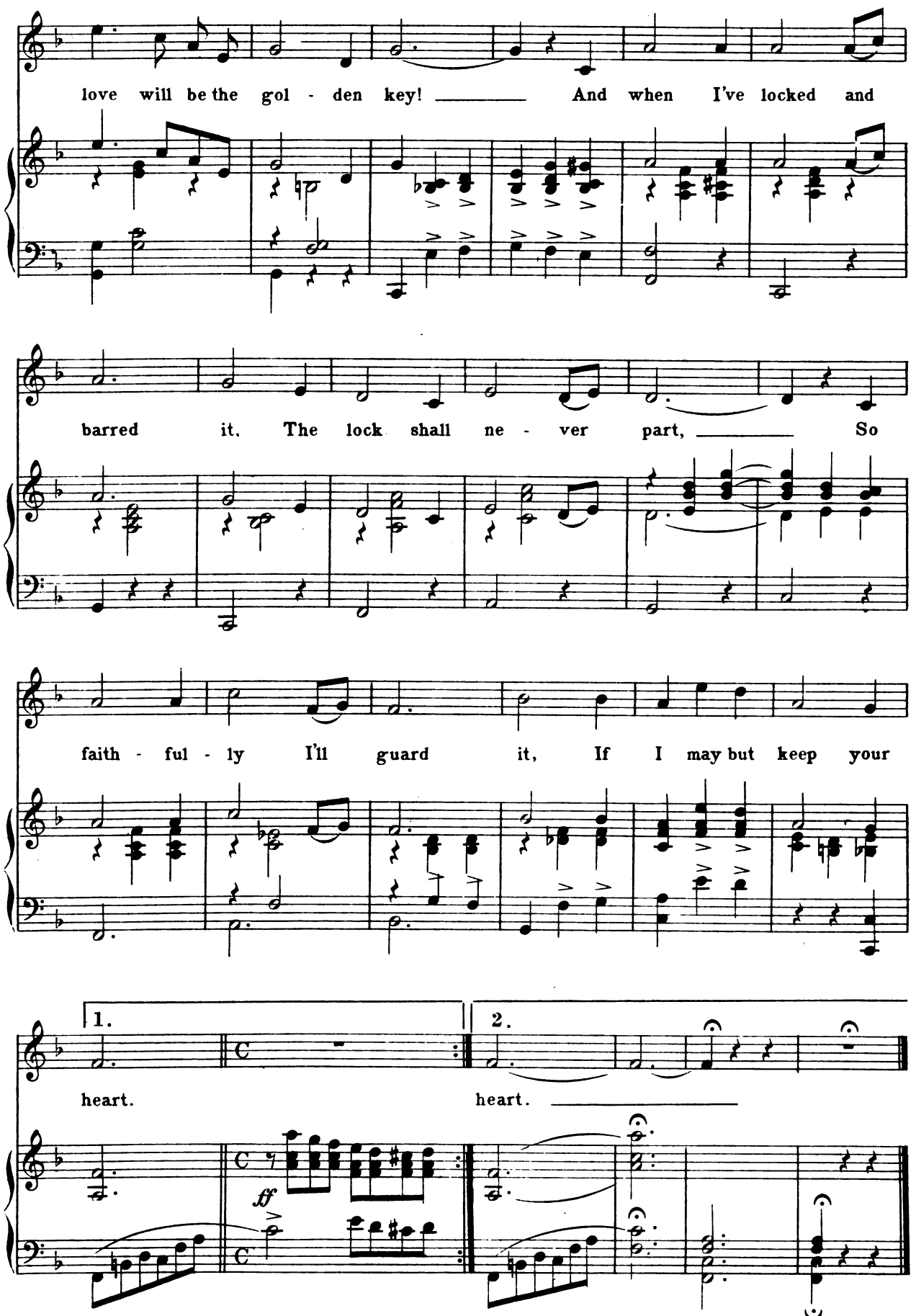

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HAIL THE PRINCE.

No 11.

CHORUS OF WELCOME.

Words by
HAROLD OTIS.

Music by
JOHN H. DENSMORE.

With Spirit.

Piano.

p *ff* *sffz*

I - ta - li - a! I - ta - li - a! We hail thy no - ble son! I -

ff

ta - li - a! I - ta - li - a! We hail thy prince of fun! Sin -

cere for him, We cheer for him, As ne'er be fore or since! Pell -

Digitized by Google

mell for him, We yell for him, So hail the prince! I -

ta - li - a! I - ta - li - a! We hail thy no - ble son! I

ta - li - a! I - ta - li - a! We hail thy prince of fun! Sin -

cere for him, we cheer for him, As ne'er be - fore or since! Pell -

Digitized by Google

mell for him, we yell for him, So hail the prince!

Trump. (*Recitative*)

Kind friends I fear you are mis - ta - ken!

sff

For some proud prince I have been ta - ken; But I'm a

sff

mon - arch of the wave! I may be lit-tle, but I'm

sf p

attacca.

Digitized by Google

Nº 12.

RACING.

SONG.

Trump and Sailors.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.

With spirit.

Trump.

brave.

Piano.

ff

(*Trump*)

1. I'm a cap - tain raw of a man - of - war, And a man of war am I! My
2. Bring us a - ny boat you can find a - float, We'll float her in the soup! A

mf

crew all say they hope and pray To be cap - tains bye - and - bye! I
schoo - ner stiff, a yawl, a skiff, A cat - boat, or a sloop; We

Digitized by Google

like to scream a - long by steam, At sail - ing I'm no dream - er, So
nev - er howl at break or foul, With us there's no col - li - sion; So

(*Sailors*)

who in time knows wheth - er I'm A sail - or or a steam - er? So
far you'll find you are be - hind That we'll be out of vi - sion! So

(*Tru.*)

who in time knows wheth - er I'm A sail - or or a steam - er? There's un -
far you'll find you are be - hind That we'll be out of vi - sion! It's ap -

fail - ing fas - cin - a - tion In the sail - ing in - clin - a - tion, When the
pal - ling how we han - ker To be haul - ing up the an - chor, When you

Digitized by Google

boat keels down — Be - neath a spank-ing breeze, And it's ten to one at
ask if we'll — Give you a lit - tle race And we quick - ly say we'll

rac - ing *You* can then do all the chas-ing, So — who'll give a race? So
bet some Its the on - ly way you'll get one, But they all give a race, they

(*Sailors*)

who'll give a race To Cap - tain Trump? Yo ho! — Yo ho! Yo
all give a race To Cap - tain Trump! Yo ho! — Yo ho! Yo

Refrain. (*Tru.*)

ho! — The wind is blow - ing steady, The

p

Digitized by Google

crew is stand - ing ready, Then off wi' the sound o' the gun we bound, To

(*Sailors*) (*Tru.*)

wind - 'ard of the row! Yo ho! Our work is quick and heady, We

sneak her in the ed-dy, Read - y a - bout and hard a' lee!

Trim the jibs and lead 'em free! Calm or gus - ty, win or bust, we must!

Digitized by Google

Tru. Yo ho!

Sai. The wind is blow-ing steady, The crew is standing

sffz *f*

Tru. Off with the gun we bound, To wind-ward of the

Sai. ready, Then off wi' the sound o' the gun we bound, To wind-ward of the

Tru. row! Our work is quick and heady, We sneak her in the

Sai. row! Yo ho! Our work is quick and heady, We sneak her in the

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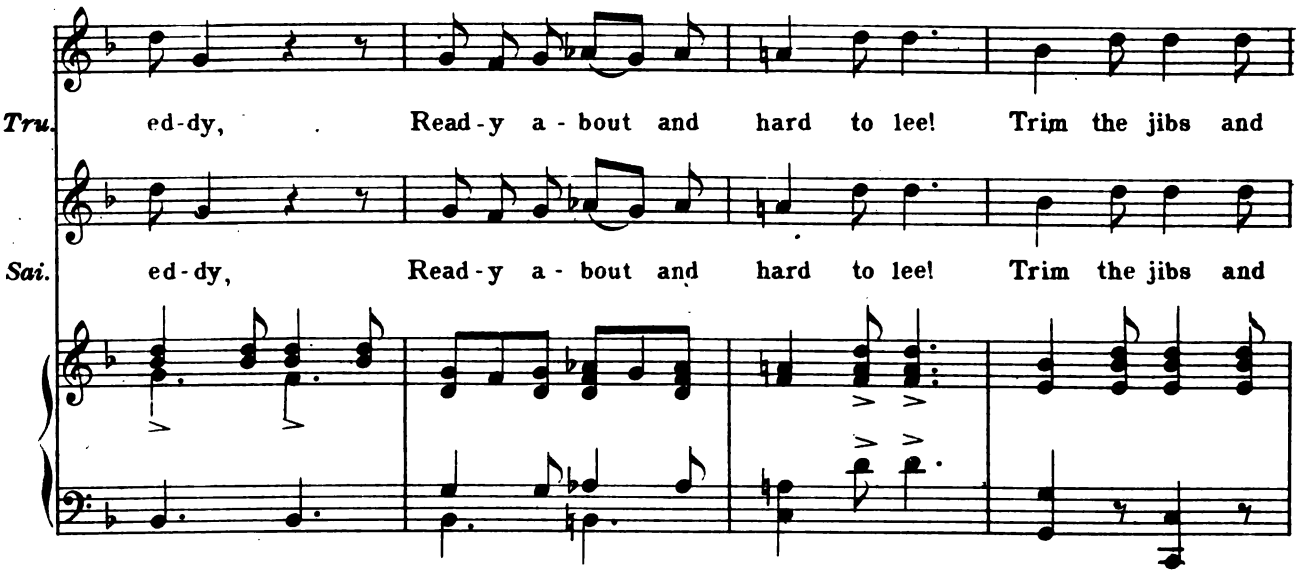

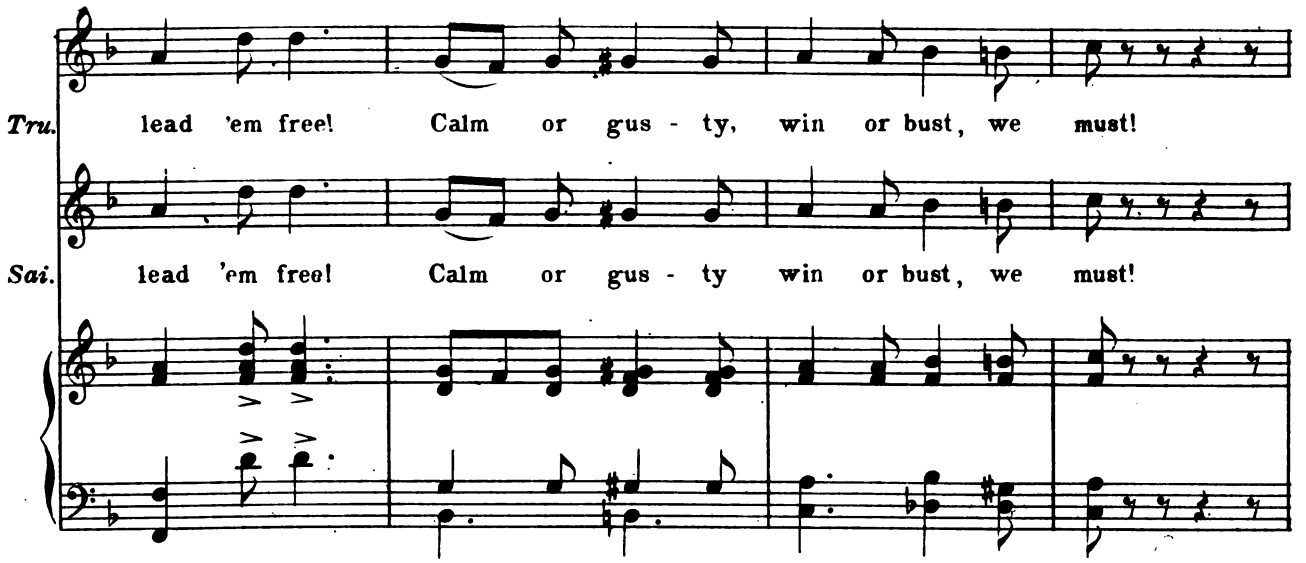

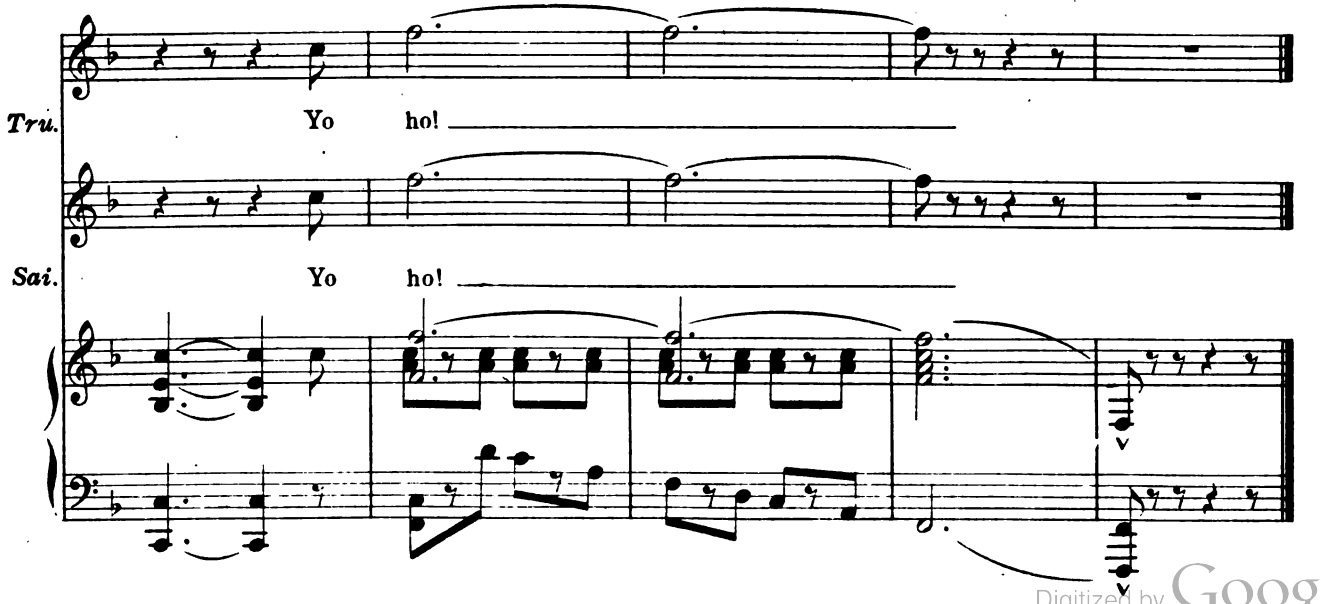

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OH DEAR! OH PSHAW!

No 13. FINALE, ACT I.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Very lively.

Piano.

p *mf* *f* *ff*

Chorus.

Oh dear! Oh pshaw! Oh what an aw - ful fuss! We

ff

fear we are ex - treme - ly cred - u - lous; 'Tis clear that

Digitized by Google

our ap-plauds i-dol-a-trous Have been was-ted on a pair of

wick-ed spies. Then off! A-way! And put them un-der

guard! Too oft to-day they've sto-len our re-gard; We

used to i-do-lize them, but now we must de-spise them. Prince

Digitized by Google

Le - o and his sec - re - ta - ry wise are spies!

sff

David and Fritz.

Ap - pear - an - ces a -

p

gainst us may be strong; Ap - pear - an - ces are ve - ry of - ten

Fritz. *Da.*

wrong! I say I'm not a prince! I may as well e -

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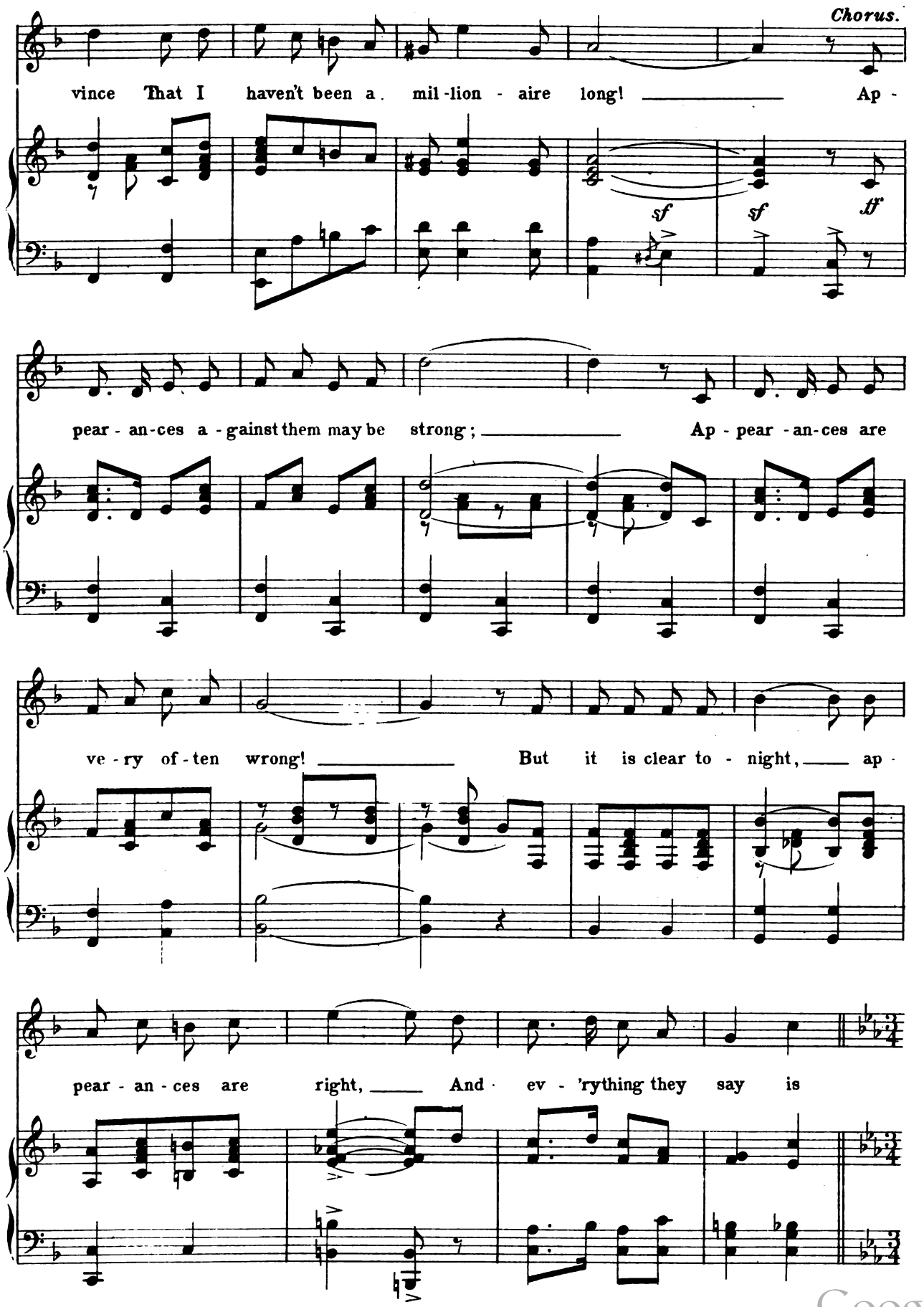

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Marietta to Trump.

wrong! Spare them!

p

Spare them I pray! At your feet I kneel; Do not

scorn me; har-ken, I pray, to my poor ap - -

peal! They are guilt - - less! Guilt-less, I swear it! Then

Digitized by Google

help me! Will no one dare it? If none pi - ties me, O

f *mf*

pi - ty Prince Le - o Of I - - - - ta - - - - ly!

p

Trump to Mar.

You quite en - trance me with your beauty,

sff

But still I may not shirk my du - ty, For I'm a

sff

Digitized by Google

mon - - arch of the wave! ___ I may be lit-tle, but I'm

sf *p*

brave! ___

ff

I'm a captain raw of a man-o'-war, And a man of war am

mf

I! ___ I'm far from glad you feel so sad, But I must do or die! ___ In

Digitized by Google

vain you pray; no more de - lay! They're dan - ger - ous as li - ons! It's

Chorus.

or - ders, so a - way they go, A - board the ship in i - rons! It's

Fairfax.

or - ders, so a - way they go, A - board the ship in i - rons! Just as

sure as here I'm stand - ing, There's a pure mis - un - der - stand - ing; Nei - ther

Digitized by Google

To Da. and Fr.

one looks bold E - nough to hurt a mouse! For this mess I great - ly

owe you, So I'll do my best to show you, That I am a friend who'll

Tru. *Chorus.*

try to contend With Cap - tain Trump! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - -

Tru.

ho! The hand of law is steady, The

mf

Digitized by Google

pri - so-ners are rea-dy, Then off on the boat to a cell re-mote, In

Cho. *Tru.*

i - ronsthey must go! Yo-ho! The crew is stand-ing rea-dy, The

Cap - tains al - ways hea-dy; Rea-dy! At-ten - tion! Stiff as starch!

Da., Fr., and Fair.

Right a-bout, and for-ward march! Jail is mus - ty; bail or bust, we must!

Digitized by Google

Tru. Yo - ho!

Cho. The hand of law is steady, The pri - so-ners are

sf *ff*

Tru. Off to a cell re-mote, In i - rons they must

Cho. rea-dy, Then off on the boat to a cell re-mote, In i - rons they must

Tru. go! The crew is stand - ing rea-dy, The cap - tain's al - ways

Cho. go! Yo-ho! The crew is stand - ing rea-dy, The cap - tain's al - ways

Digitized by Google

Tru. hea-dy; Rea-dy! At-ten-tion! Stiff as starch! Right a-bout, and

Cho. hea-dy; Rea-dy! At-ten-tion! Stiff as starch! Right a-bout, and

Exit Da. & Fr. under guard, followed by Fair.

Tru. for-ward march! Jail is mus-ty; bail or bust, they must!

Cho. for-ward march! Jail is mus-ty; bail or bust, they-must!

Tru. Yo-ho!

Cho. Yo-ho!

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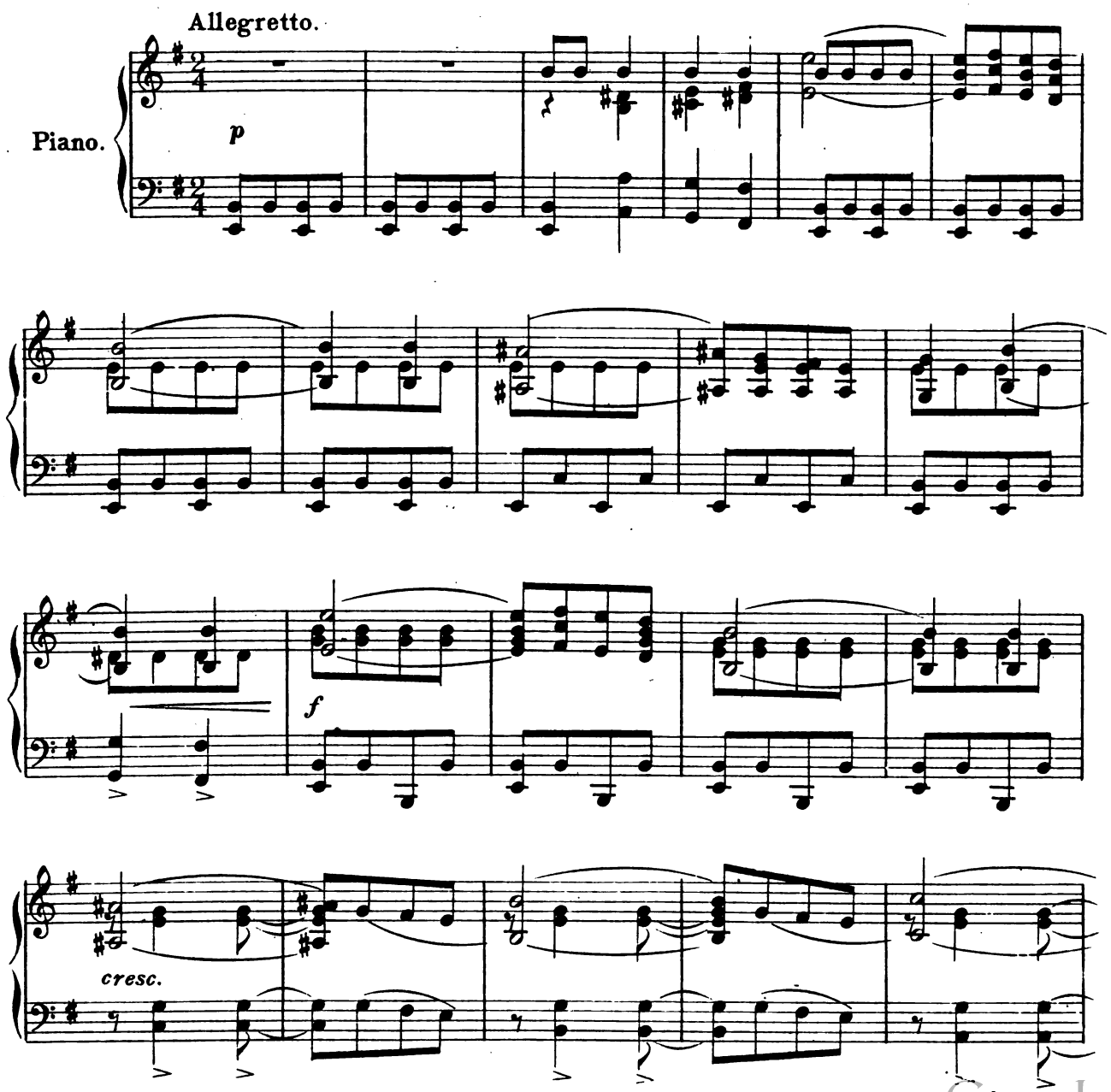
JAPAN.

No. 14. OPENING CHORUS, ACT II.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.



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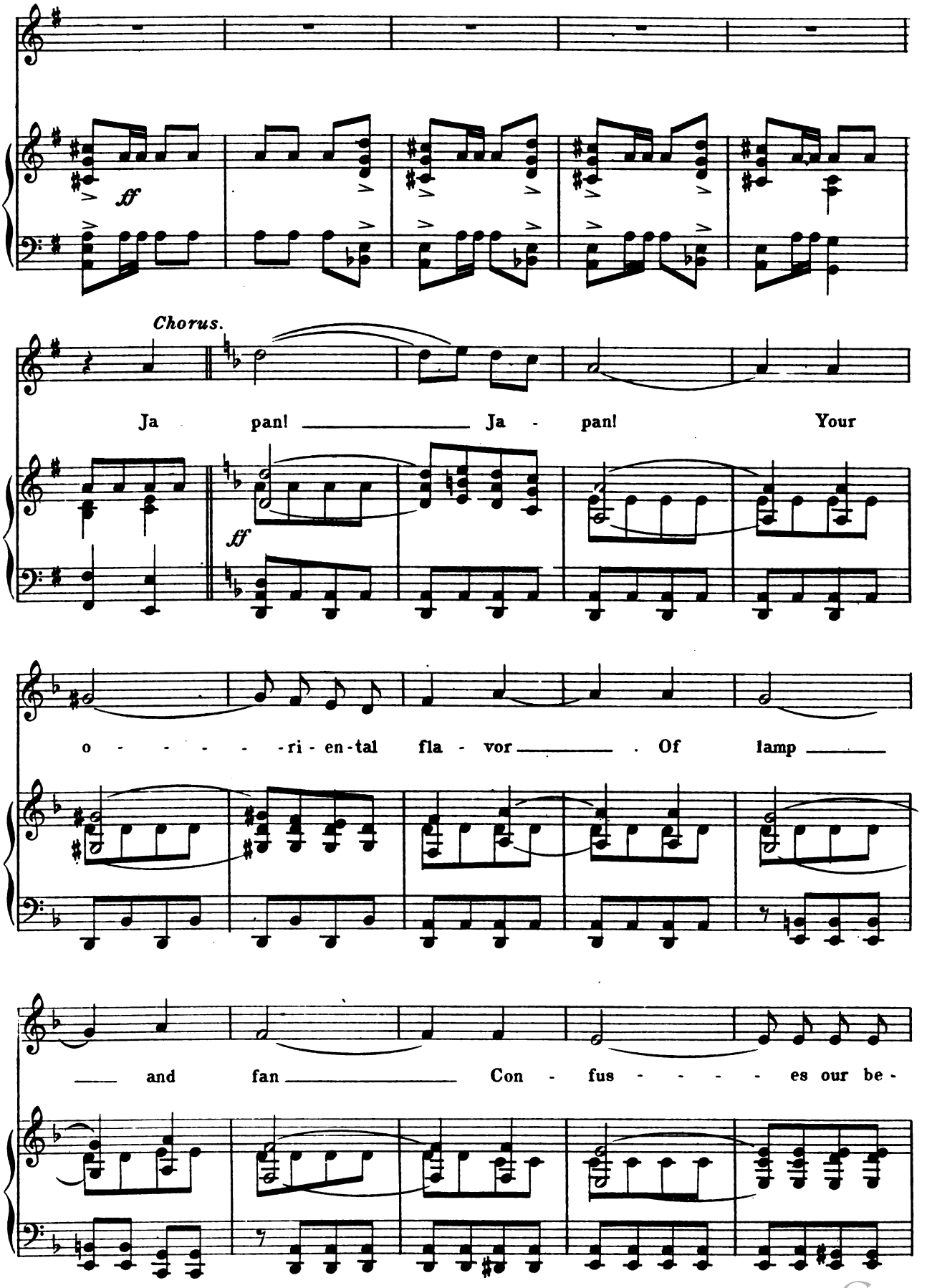

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hav - ior! Ja - pan! Ja - - pan!

We feel your fas - ci - na - tion Of

lamp and fan And

dain - - - - - -ty dec - o - ra - tion! We

Digitized by Google

feel like Japs and just as tho' We might re-lapse and wake to know We

are per-haps in To-ki-o In far Ja - - - pan; Be-

neath the gleam-ing lan-tern glow, We feel that we are Japs and so We

all may be, for all we know, In far a-way Ja - pan! In

Digitized by Google

far a-way Ja - pan! In far a - - - way Ja

pan! Ja - - - pan! Your

o - - - - - - - ri - en - tal fla - vor Of

lamp and fan Con - -

Digitized by Google

fus - - - - - es our be - hav - ior! Ja - pan!

Ja - pan! We feel your fas - ci -

na - tion Of lamp and

fan From far a - - way Ja - -

Digitized by Google

pan!

Men.

But no lit - tle Ja - py man,

hap - py tho' they grow, Is such a hap - py man as

Cho. *Men.*

I! No, no! Lan - tern and fan may come from Ja - pan, But

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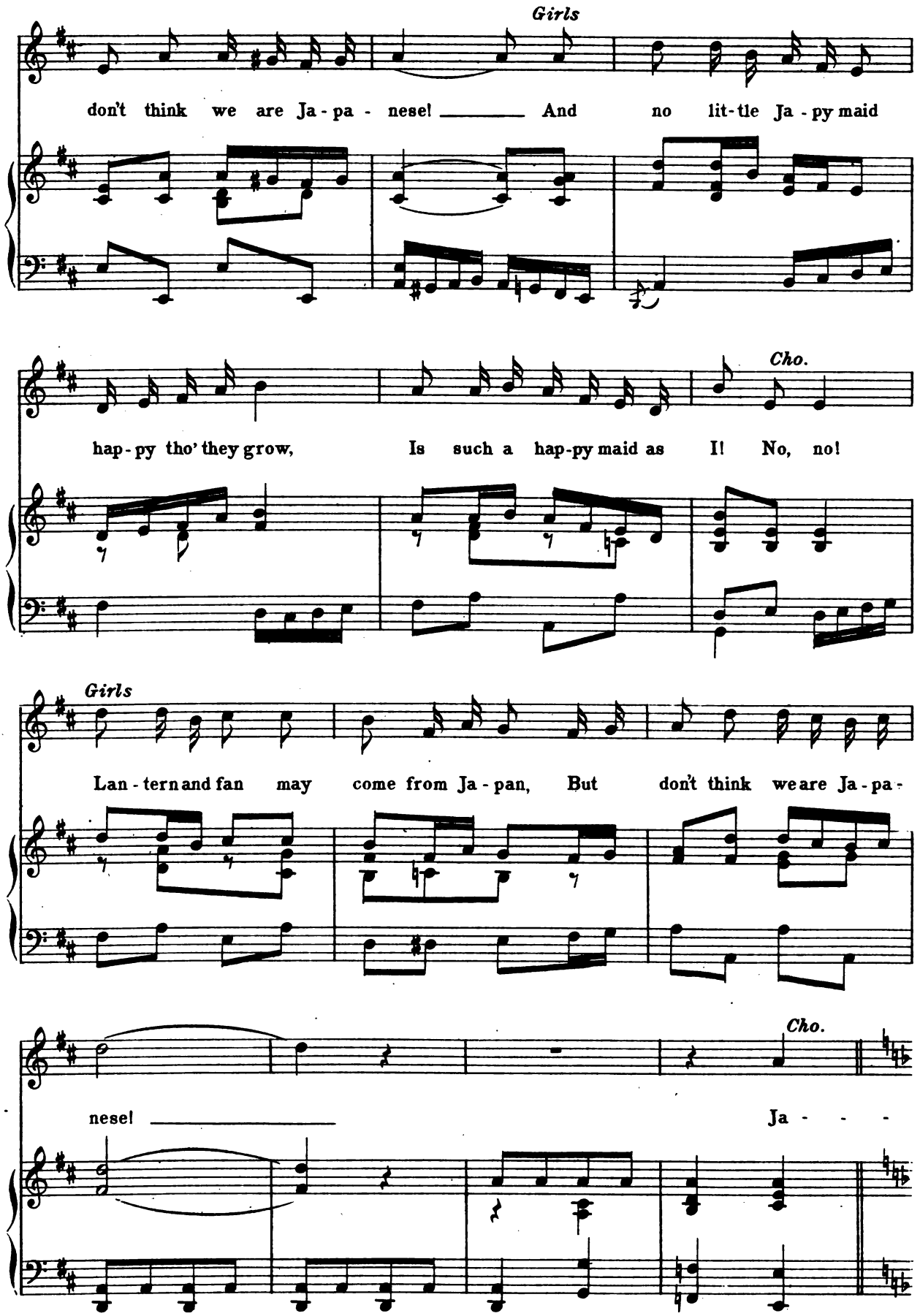

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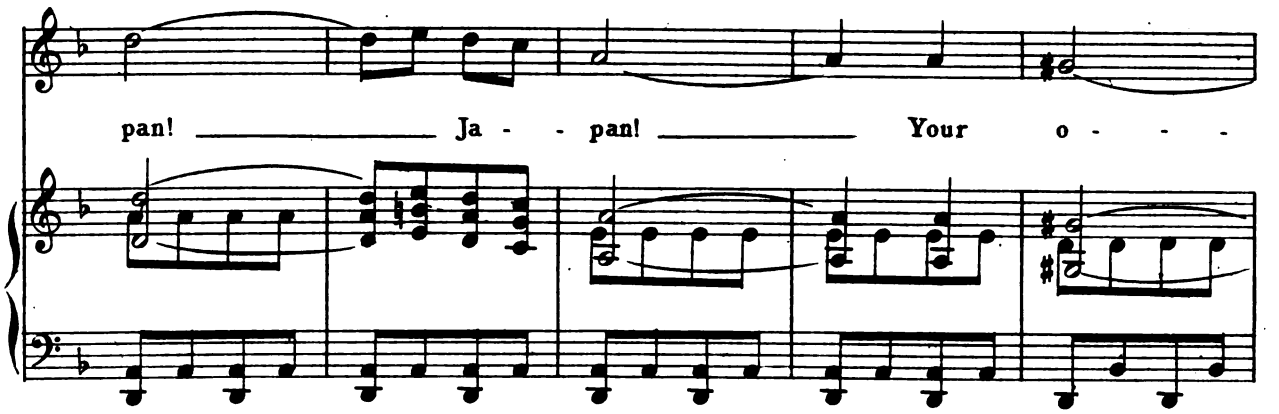

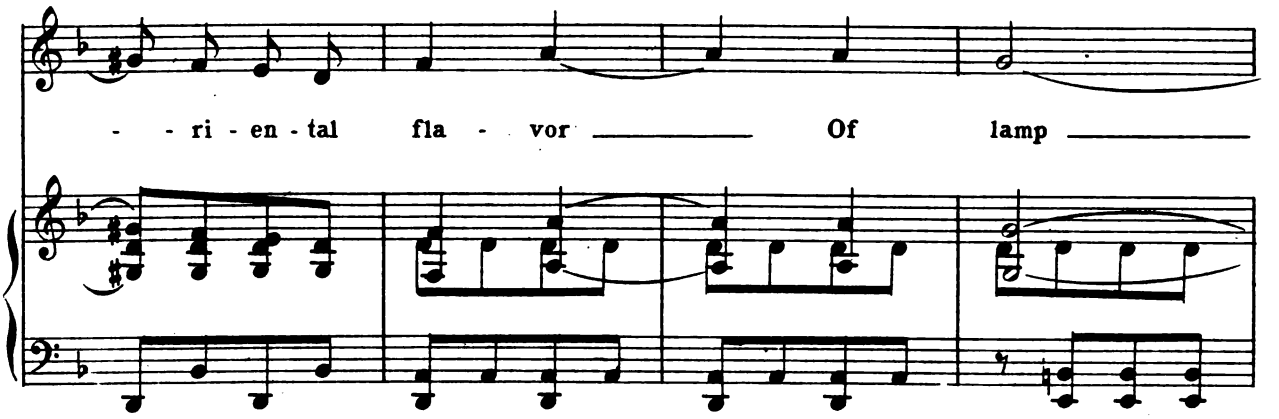

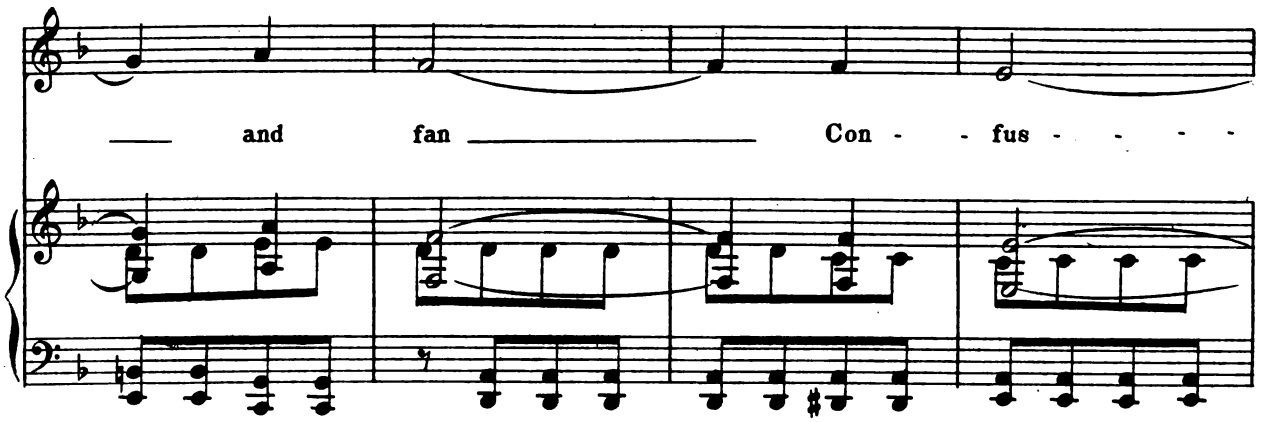

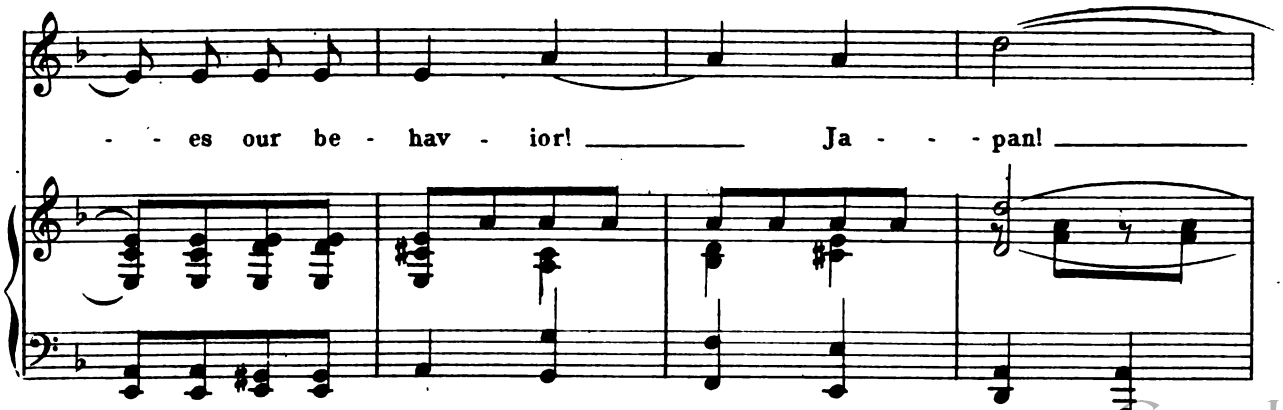

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Ja - - pan! We feel

your fas - ci - na - tion Of lamp

and fan From far a - -

way Ja - pan!

attacca

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A SUMMER BALL.

DOUBLE SEXTET.

School-girls and Clerks.

Nº 15.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Lively.

Piano.

ff

Clerks

A sum-mer ball is not at all In - tend-ed for a dance; We'd

mf

rath - er walk with - out and talk Than stay with - in and prance. Tis

much too hot to trip and trot, Then out for some-thing wet! Then

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School-girls.

O for a share of cool-ing air! A puff at a ci - ga - rette! And

so we all me - an - der A - long the sha - dy lanes, Or

Both

on the cool ve - ran - da, So care-ful of our trains; We

each have got a fa - vor, A lan-tern! Or a fan! So

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par - don our be - hav - ior, If we play we are in Ja - pan! _____

_____ If we play we are in Ja - pan! And

so we all me - an - der A - long the sha - dy lanes, _____ Or

on the cool ve - ran - da, So care - ful of our their trains; _____ We

Digitized by Google

each have got a fa - vor, A lan - tern or a fan! So

par - don our be - hav - ior, If we play we are in Ja -

School-girls. If we play we are in Ja - pan!

pan! If we play we are in Ja -

pan! We play we're in Ja - pan!

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GOOD STIFF GROG.

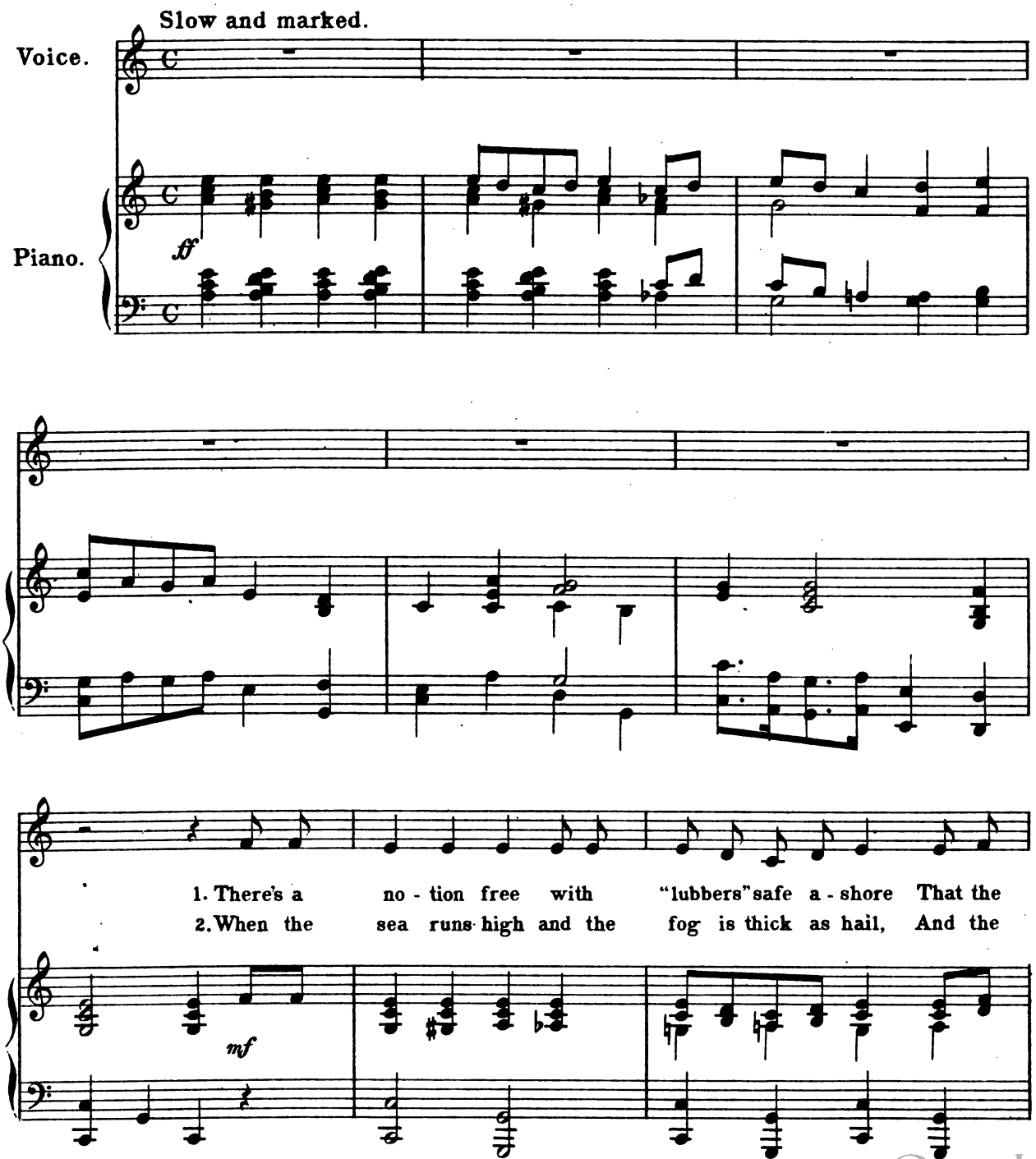
Nº16.

SONG AND QUARTET.

Trump and Sailors.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.



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life at sea is fun, and noth-ing more! That sea - men
lead - man's cry is smothered in the gale: "Oh 'ware shoal!

ne-ver quail; But pe - ril of - ten lurks u - pon the wave, And the
Wa-ry Oh!" When the tac - kle breaks and screams in ev - ry key, And the

heart will sof - ten, be it e'er so brave, At the fu - - ry
brave hull quakes in fight-ing out the sea, And the crew goes

of a gale! At the fu - ry of an o - cean gale! _____
down be-low, And the crew is ordered down be - low, _____

Digitized by Google

Refrain.

Then it's good stiff grog all 'round, sir! And it's

ad lib. f

I Ten Ten II I Bass Bass II

Then it's good stiff grog all 'round, sir! And it's

Melody

f

in the log writ-ten down, sir! Leave your gear! Come and bail! And be

mf

in the log writ-ten down, sir! Leave your gear! Come and bail! And be

mf

chee-ry, lads, and hale! Here's a health to ev-'ry

chee-ry, lads, and hale! Here's a health to ev-'ry

Digitized by Google

one! Oh the cap - tain's staff in the ca - bin af' Toast their

one! Oh the cap - tain's staff in the ca - bin af' Toast their

sweethearts in cham - pagne. What if rar - est wine they boast? A

sweet - hearts in cham - pagne. What if rar - est wine they boast! A

toast's a toast! And the fo'e-c's'le toast is just the same!

toast's a toast! And the fo'e - c's'le toast is just the same!

Digitized by Google

MA BLACK EYED SUSAN.

SONG.

Bess and David.

Nº 17.

Words by
HAROLD OTIS.

Music by
JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Rather slow.

Piano.

ff

1. Down south in Ten - nes - see, where I go twos'n'. Libs a sha - dy la - dy, Su - san is her name! I al - ways calls her "Lit - tle Black - eyed Sus'n" 'Caze she

2. I'm ma - ny, ma - ny miles a - way f'om Sus'n, An' de trash am all a crow-din' roun' her do' I'm a - fraid some oth - er coon she'll soon be choos'n', 'Caze she

p

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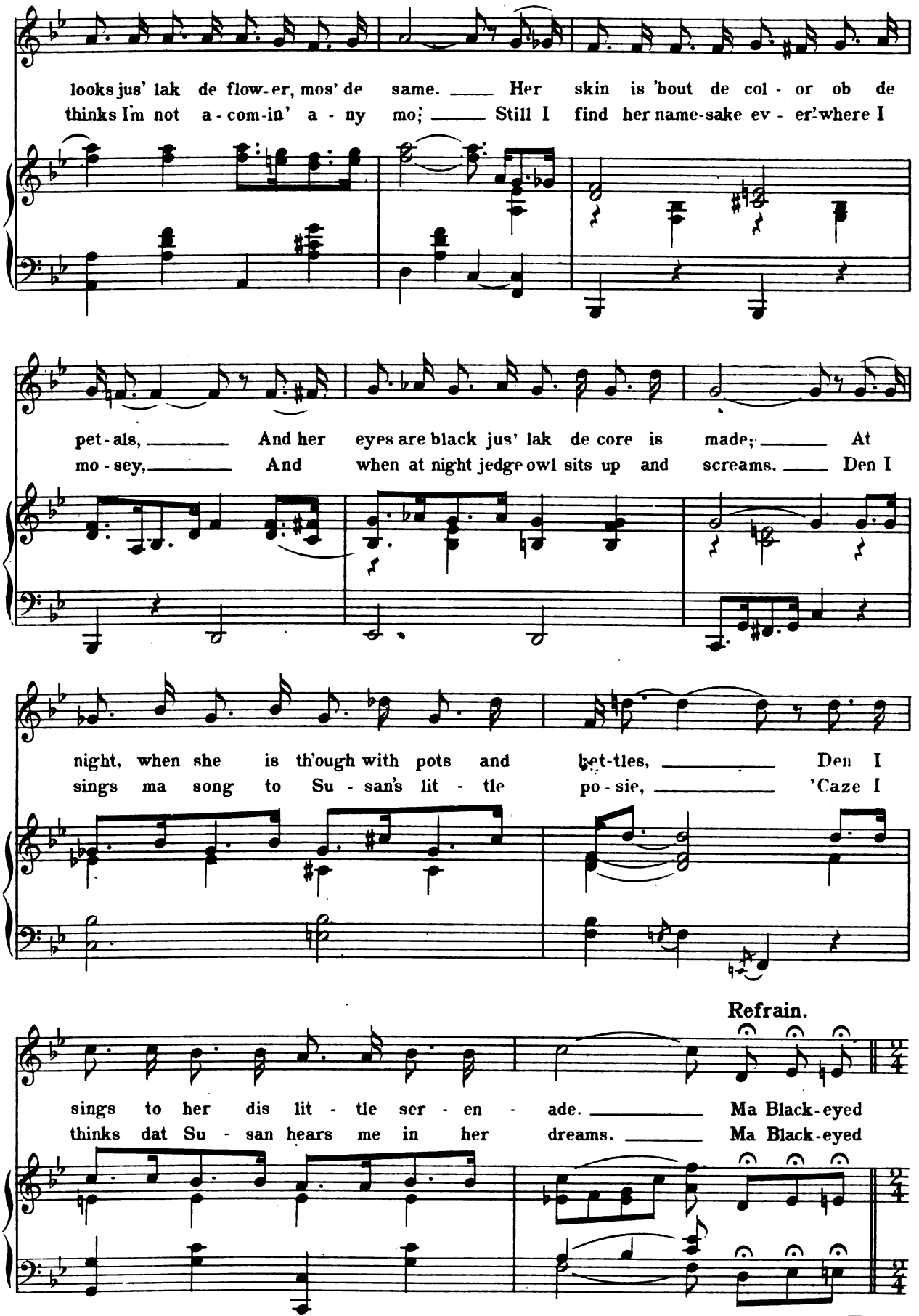

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Su - san! You I'm long - in' fo,_____ I lubs yer

p — *ff*

eb - 'ry min - yit mo' an' mo,_____ With lub I'm

bus - tin',_____ so please be trus - tin',_____ For if I

bus', den _____ well you won't hab' a - ny hon - ey boy no' mo'. So

Digitized by Google

do please quit a - - bu - sin' me! Come out here quick be

fo' yer los - in' me! I'll try to suit yer,

so come out! Won't yer? Come out and tell me you's ma

Lit - tle Black - eyed Su - - - - - san! Ma Black - eyed san!

1. 2.

ff

Digitized by Google

FOLLOW THE LADIES.

No 18. SEXTET.

Bess, Minnie, Marietta, Gus, Boodle, and Trump.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Vivace.

Voice.

Piano.

ff

Girls.

1. The la - dies al - ways get the fruit, The gen-tle-men get the
2. The la - dies al - ways seem to keep The gen-tle-men on the

f

Men.

rind. The la - dies men - tion what will suit, The
jump. The la - dies get a - muse - ment cheap, The

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Girls.

gen-tle-men have to mind. The la-dies sit in
gen-tle-men climb the stump. The la-dies al-ways

Men.

chairs ga-lore, The gen-tle-men have to walk the floor. The
get the best, The gen-tle-men may be get the rest. The

la-dies al-ways go be-fore, The gen-tle-men go be-
la-dies let them when they're press'd, The gen-tle-men have to

Girls.

hind. They do! The gen-tle-men go be-hind.
hump. They do! The gen-tle-men have to hump.

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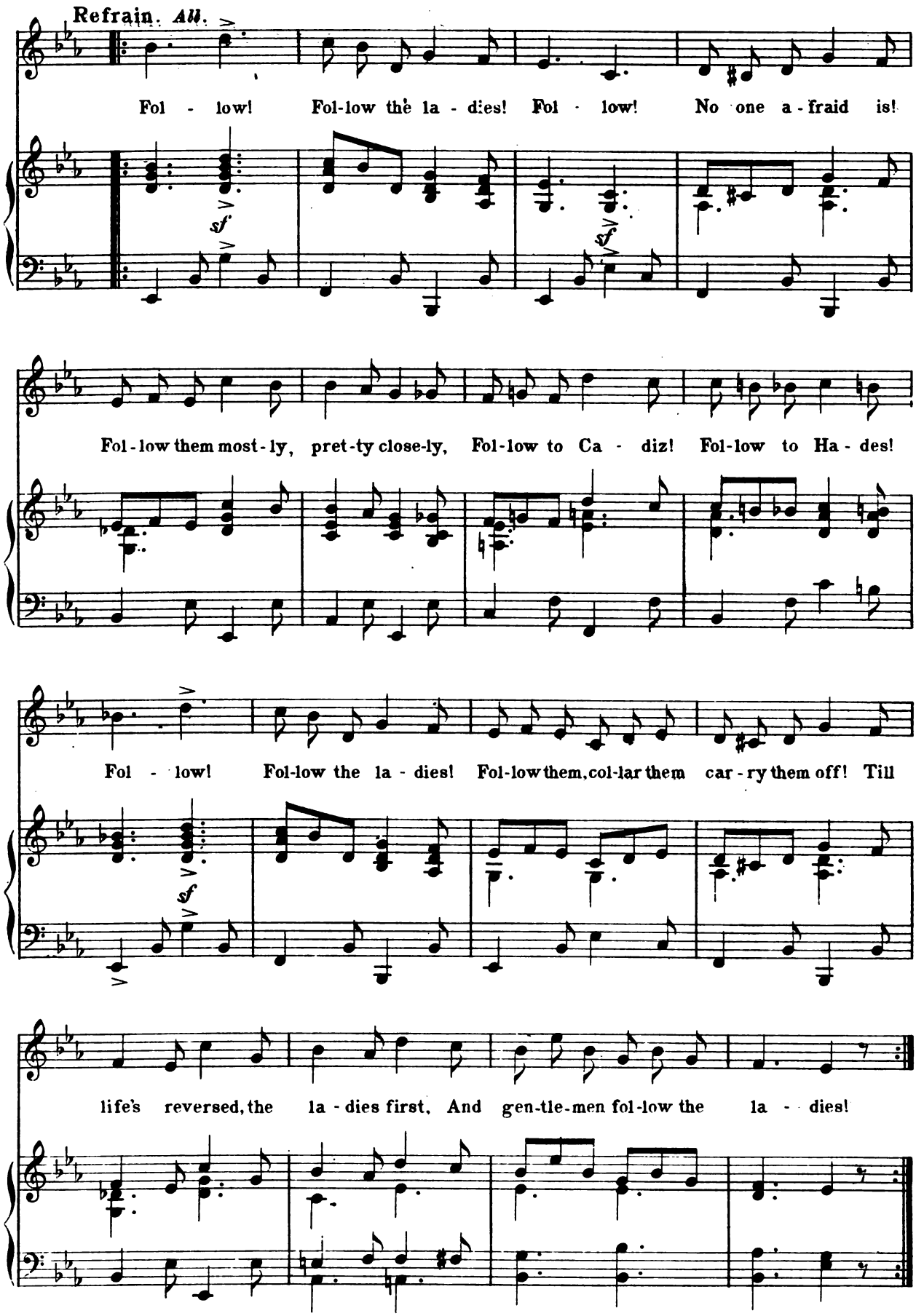

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IF I WERE YOU.

DUET.

Bess and Fairfax.

No 19.

Words by
HAROLD OTIS.

Music by
JOHN H. DENSMORE.

With expression.

Piano.

ff

1. *Bess.* If I were you, I should - n't be so bashful and so shy. *Fair.* If you were I? _____ *Bess.* If I were you! *Fair.* If I were you, I'd help a chap and not just watch him try. *Bess.* If you were

2. *Fair.* If I were you, I'd help an ar - dent lo - ver to propose. *Bess.* If you were I? _____ *Fair.* If I were you! *Bess.* If I were you, I'd ask the girl no mat - ter if she froze. *Fair.* If you were

p

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I? _____ *Fair.* If I were you! *Bess.* If I loved a girl I cer-tain-ly should
I? _____ *Bess.* If I were you! *Fair.* I should then ac-cept his of-fer quick-er

tell her so! *Fair.* And if I liked a chap, I'd give him half a show! *Bess* I'd
than a wink! *Bess.* I'd beg her then from my em-bra-ces not to shrink! *Fair.* Then

sim-ply ask the girl to an-swer "yes" or "no," But that
I'd al-low his arm a-bout my waist I think, But that

is, _____ if I were you. *Fair.* Would you ask her if she seem'd to
is, _____ if I were you. *Bess.* If he took you in his arms, would you

mf

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care not a jot? *Bess* It's her right, if your love is real-ly true! *Fair.* Then sup-
mind it or not? *Fair.* Try it once and just no-tice if I do! *Bess.* Then sup-

pose I ask her now up-on the spot! *Bess.* But I said, "If I were
pose you try it now up-on the spot! *Fair.* But I said, "If I were

you." *Both.* If you were I and I were
you." *Both.* If you were I and I were

ff *mf*

you, No-thing would be the same! _____ I shouldn't try the
you, All would be just the same! _____ Still we should try, as

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things you do, I'd playquite a dif - f'rent game; ——— But
now we do, To play at the same old game; ——— But

still I'm not you, and you're not I! Then why make so much a-
now I am you, and you are I! Then why make so much a-

do ——— A - bout what would hap - pen if you were I And
do ——— A - bout what would hap - pen if you were I And

I were you? you? ———
I were you? you? ———

1. 2.

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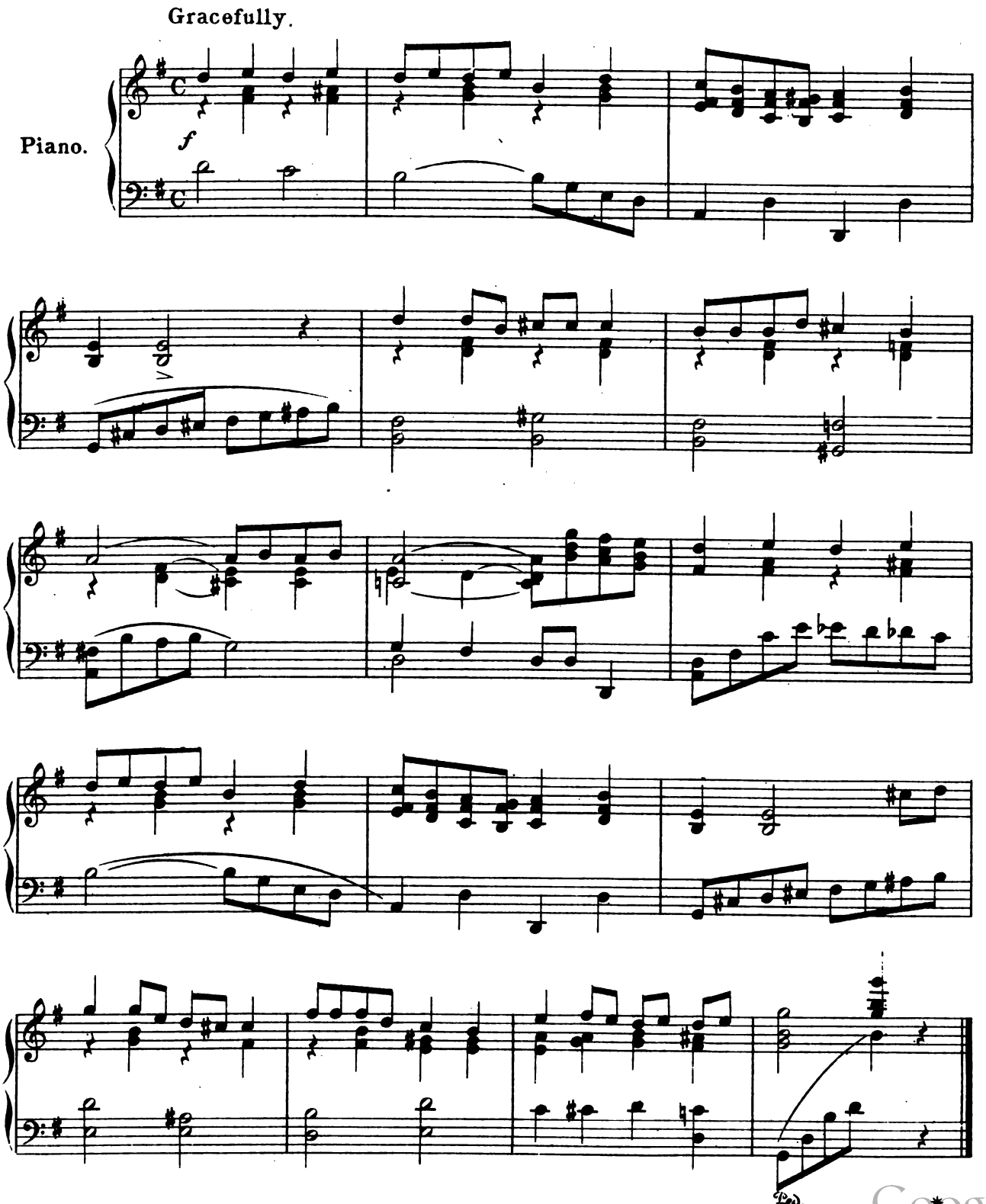
DANCE.



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THE GAME OF LOVE BY RULE.

Nº 20. SONG.

David.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Moderato.

Piano.

f

1. You have of-ten heard that love is just a game; If that is
2. Love's a game that takes an aw-ful time to play, Be-cause it

p

so, it must be played by rules! ____ On-ly two can play it,
is so dif-fi-cult to win; ____ You can on-ly do it,

(Chess is much the same, Long and qui-et, not a game for fools!) ____ The
(So the rules all say!) Af-ter your op-po-nent's giv-en in. ____ Al

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board's a love - ly gar - den, and the moon's the re - fe - ree. A
though the men are lame at it. a girl can win at once; You've

hug (I beg your par - don!) makes us one, both you and me; Then you
beat - en me a game and I am glad I was a dunce; So I

get a score of kiss - es all from me, and brief - ly this is
beg you'll try an - oth - er, we'll o - mit the an - gry rub - ber,

How you play the game of love by rule.
If we play the game of love by rule.

Ped.

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Refrain.

When the wind is breath - ing lul - la - bies, When the

p — *f*

lit - tle birds are deep in slum - ber, When the

earth is soft - ly pur - ring, and the owl's a - wake and stir - ing, With a

la - zy look of won - der wise; _____

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When the moon is shin - ing soft and blue, When she

dan - ces on the wa - ter's rip - ple, Then I'll

say I love you dear - ly, And im - press it ve - ry clear - ly, And you

1. 2.

must love me a lit - tle too! too!

f

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LITTLE GIRLS.

DUET.

Nº 21.

Minnie and Fritz.

Words by
HAROLD OTIS.

Music by
JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Piano.

ff

(*Fritz*)

1. A cer-tain maiden made a chap-py so in-fat-u-a-ted, that he
3. That sto-ry that you men-tion, it Re-ceives too much at-ten-tion, it Con-

mf

Asked her if she'd mar-ry him the day they met; Tho' her
fu-ses what the maid-en real-ly meant to do; For she

an-swer was af-fir-ma-tive, she said, "There's no al-ter-na-tive, But
had a cra-zy no-tion that the fel-low owned the o-cean, He was

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you must swear to shun the al - cho - hol - ic wet." Now per -
right to say he on - ly had a cent or two. But it

haps you think the dunce mere - ly prom - ised it at once, But in
did - n't raise a hair On the maid, she did - n't care If his

fact, he said: "Not if I see you first." When the maid - en heard the "not," she sur -
sal - a - ry was on - ly thir - ty thou, She'd "e - con - o - mize in dress, Take a

ren - dered like a shot, But the fel - low went a - way to lose a thirst.
thousand, e - ven less," "If you want to work," he said, "I'll teach you how!"

rit. *a tempo*

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Refrain.

Lit-tle girls! Lit - tle girls! You may wag your pret - ty curls, But the

p — f

heart of man you nev - er quite en - thrall, For at

last we must re - call that you're on - ly af - ter all. Lit - tle

Both.

1. girls! Lit - tle girls! Lit - tle girls!

2. girls!

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(*Minnie*)

2. Now the
4. Now the

ff *mf*

lov - er's fight was soon for-got - ten, Nei - ther real - ly cared a jot an'
hon - est ex - pla - na - tion for The maid's in - fat - u - a - tion for A

So the man and maid - en were in bliss a - gain, When the
fel - low that was such a hor - rid stick - ler, Was a

fel - low like the fool he was, De - clared in man - ner cool, he was So
lit - tle blonde mousta - chi - o That graced the young bo - ra - chi - o; It

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poor he could - n't keep a self - re - spect - ing hen. When the
is - n't hard to see how it would tic - kle her. But up -

maid - en found the fake Could - n't buy a wed - ding cake, She de -
on the wed - ding day, I am ve - ry glad to say, The

clared he was a vil - lian and a thief. But he answerd, "If you'll wed, We will
fool - ish man did something ve - ry rash, He shaved off his on - ly charm! Cried the

live on love"; *She* said, "I re - quire mash'd po - ta - toes and roast beef!"
maid - en in a - larm, "All I wanted was to mar - ry your mous tache!"

rit. *a tempo*

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Refrain.

Lit-tle men! Lit-tle men! You at - tract us now and then, But a

p—f

maid - en's heart you nev - er quite en - thrall, For at

last we must re - call that you're on - ly, af - ter all, Lit - tle

Both.

1. 2.

men! Lit - tle men! Lit - tle men!

D.C.

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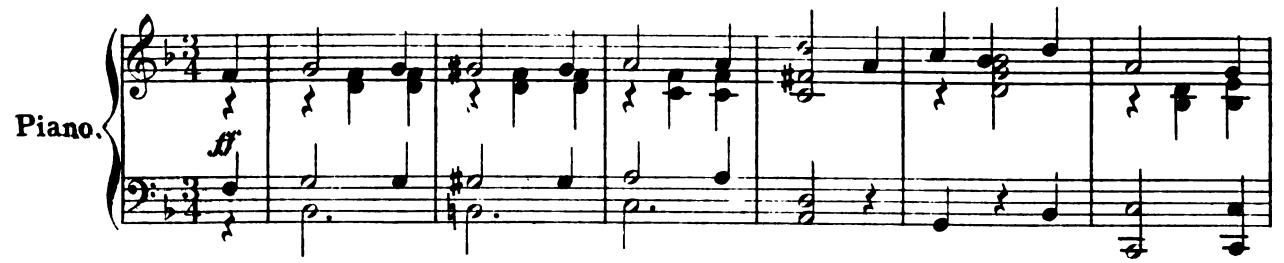
STORY BOOKS.

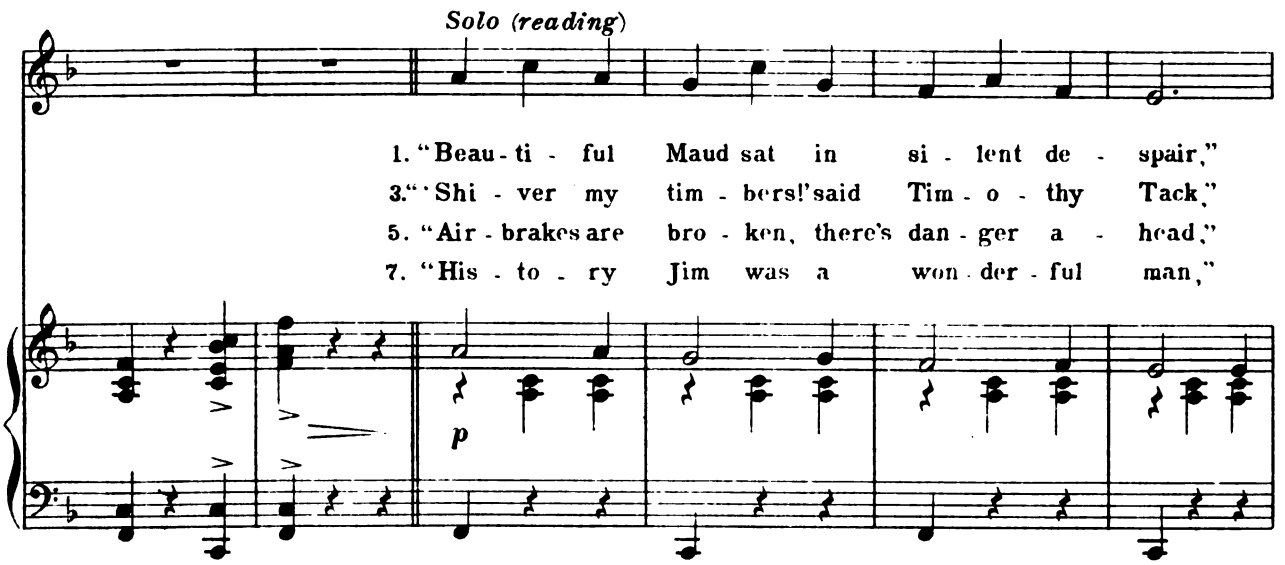
№ 22. SONG.

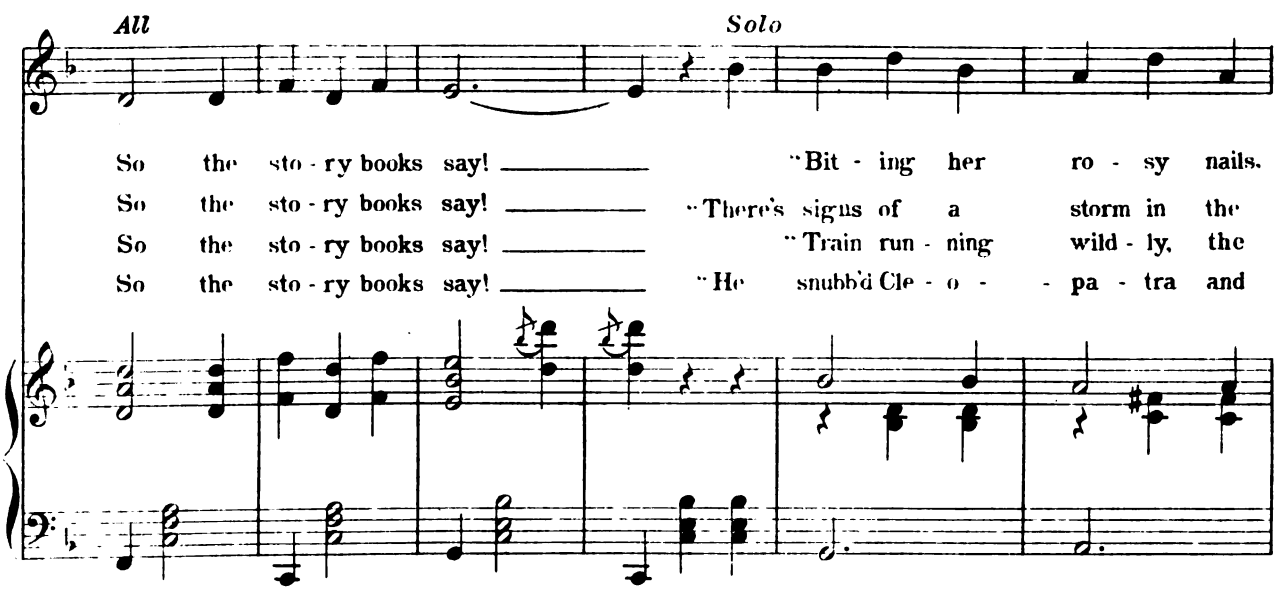
Principals.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.







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All *Solo*

tear - ing her hair," So the sto - ry books say! _____ "She
al - a - ma - nack!' " So the sto - ry books say! _____ "But
crew have all fled." So the sto - ry books say! _____ "But
jil - ted Queen Anne." So the sto - ry books say! _____ "The

had not seen Jas - per all day; could it be That he was so
fish - er - man Tim was a dare - de - vil blood, And watch-ing the
Bil - ly the brake - man is brave and a - wake. Col - li - sion is
great Re - for - ma - tion was man - aged by him, Co - lum - bus he

fi - ckle and base? _____ But, no! Hark! A foot - step, a
hur - ri - cane grow. _____ He sat in his do - ry and
sav'd by a mite. _____ They found him de - funct, with his
steer'd on his way. _____ 'Abe' Lin - coln a - round on his

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cry, 'Ah 'tis he!' Col - li - sion and long em - brace!" _____
shift - ed his cud, And hol - low'd 'Yo - ho! Yo - ho!'" _____
hand on the brake, He prob - a - bly died of fright." _____
fin - ger he'd spin, He's run - ning the earth to - day." _____

Refrain.

Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books! Mush - y, An - nie
Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books! Fish - ing - from - a -
Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books! Give - your - life - for -
Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books! Ro - man - tic, fake his -

Lau - rie books! The lov - ers ne - ver fight or se - ver In
do - ry books! The sail - ors ne - ver mind the wea-ther In
glo - ry books! The brake - man ne - ver leaves his le - ver In
to - ry books! The he - ro ne - ver makes an er - ror In

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dark con - ser - va - to - ry books; As a mat - ter of fact, they're
pull - her - for - the - sho - rey books; As a mat - ter of fact, by
cher - ish - his - me - mo - ry books; As a mat - ter of fact, his
fight - ing Whig and To - ry books; As a mat - ter of fact, the

sel - dom pack'd In co - zy am - a - to - ry nooks, They
storm at - tack'd, They drop their pis - ca - to - ry hooks, And
life's in - tact, He e - ven leaps be - fore he looks, And
au - thor's crack'd, The less he knows, the more he cooks, His

All

fume and fight by day or night, Ex - cept in the sto - ry
make for land to beat the band, Ex - cept in the sto - ry
then next day they raise his pay, Ex - cept in the sto - ry
he - ro does what ne - ver was, Ex - cept in the sto - ry

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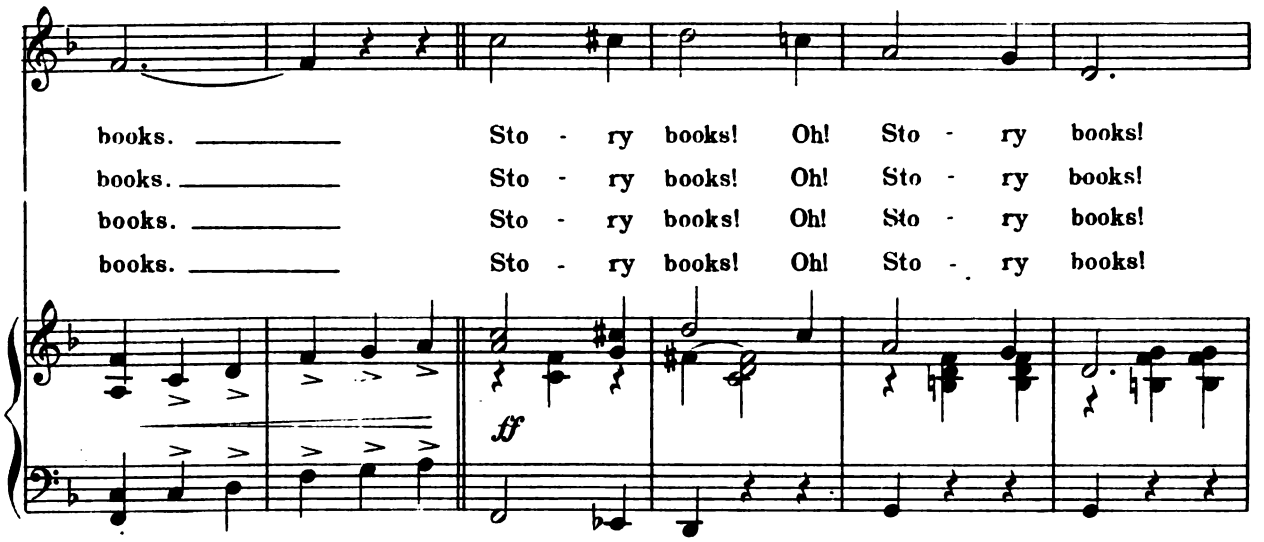

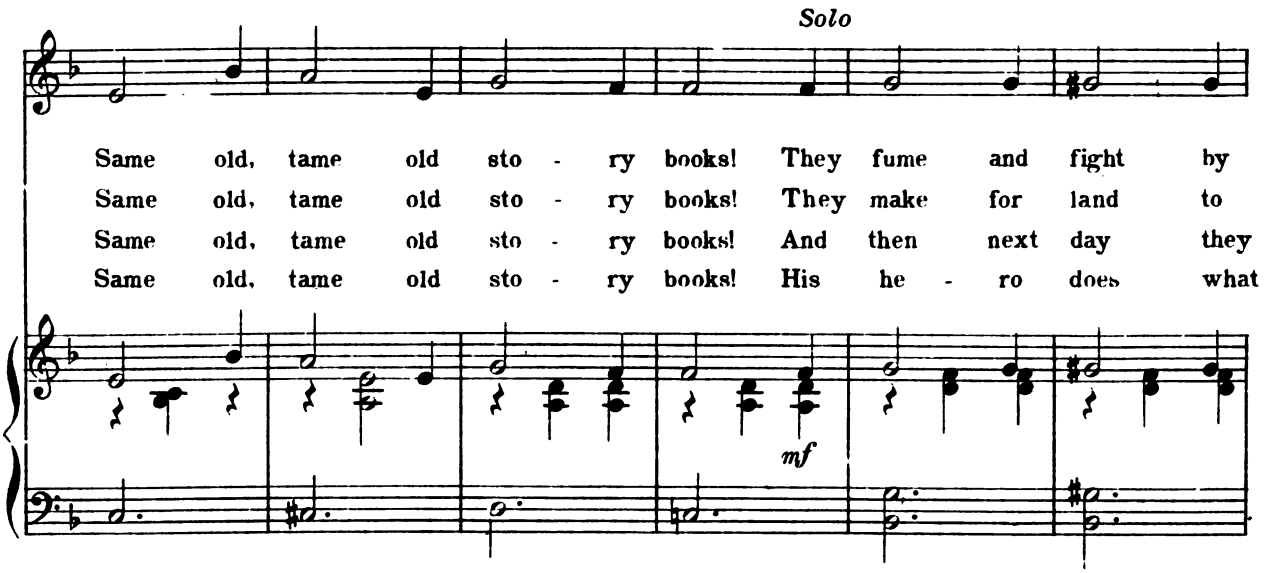

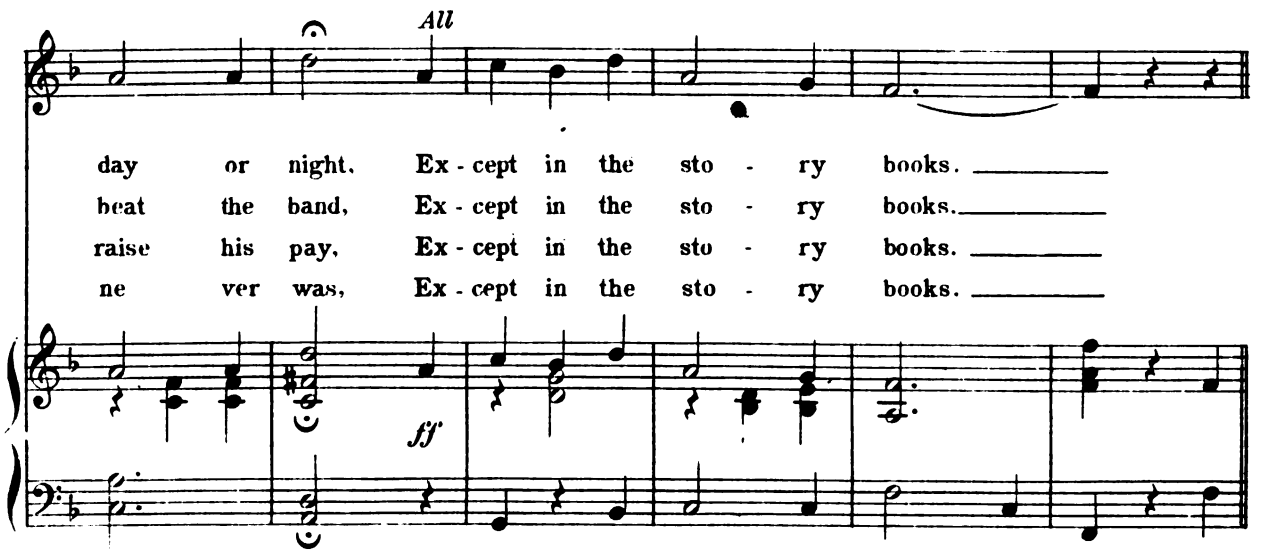

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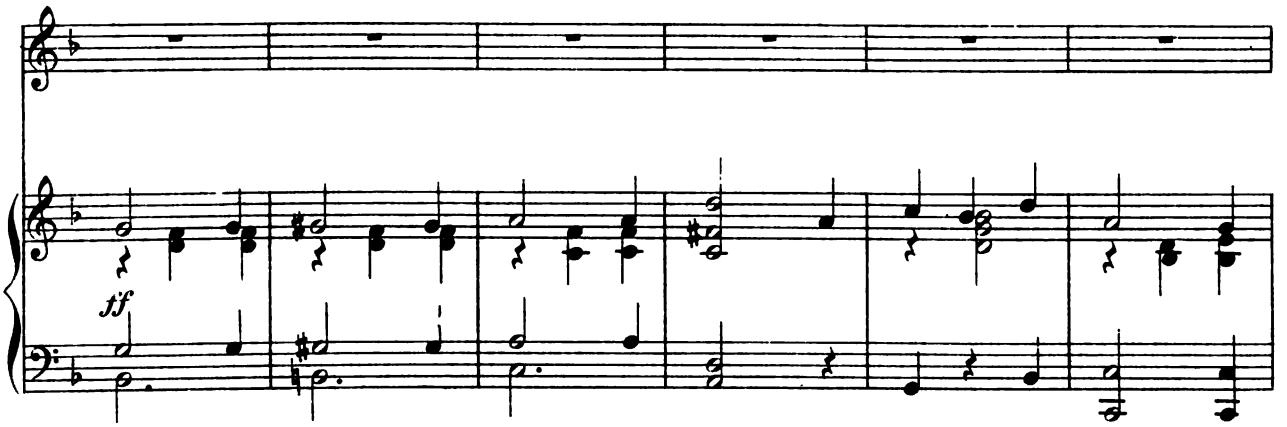

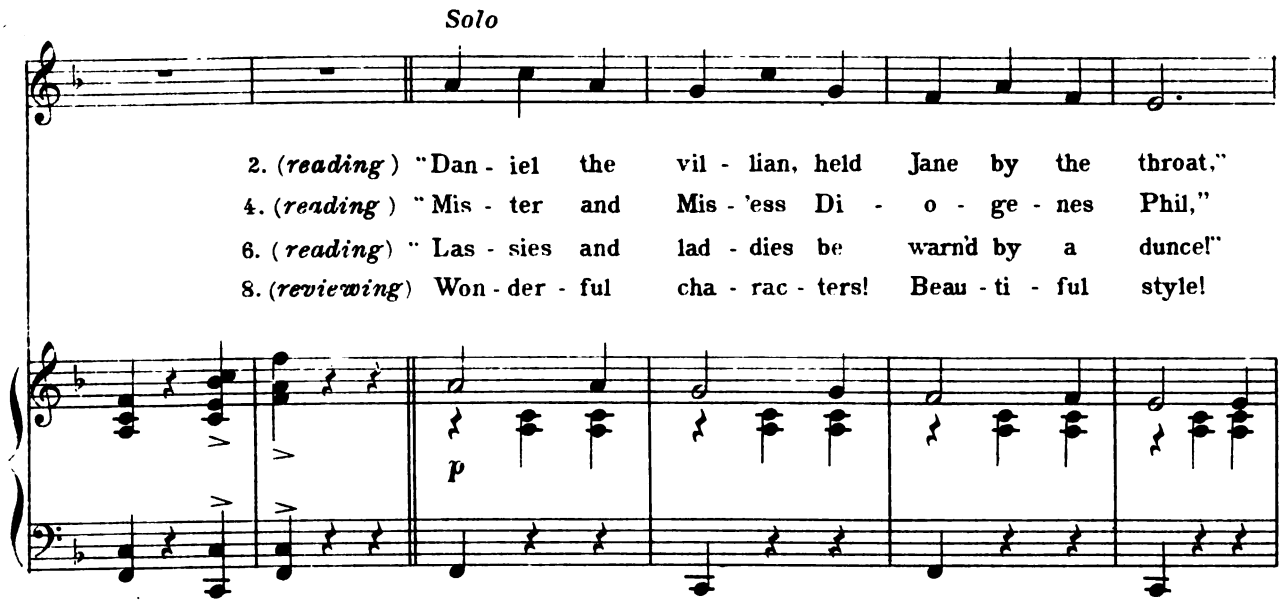

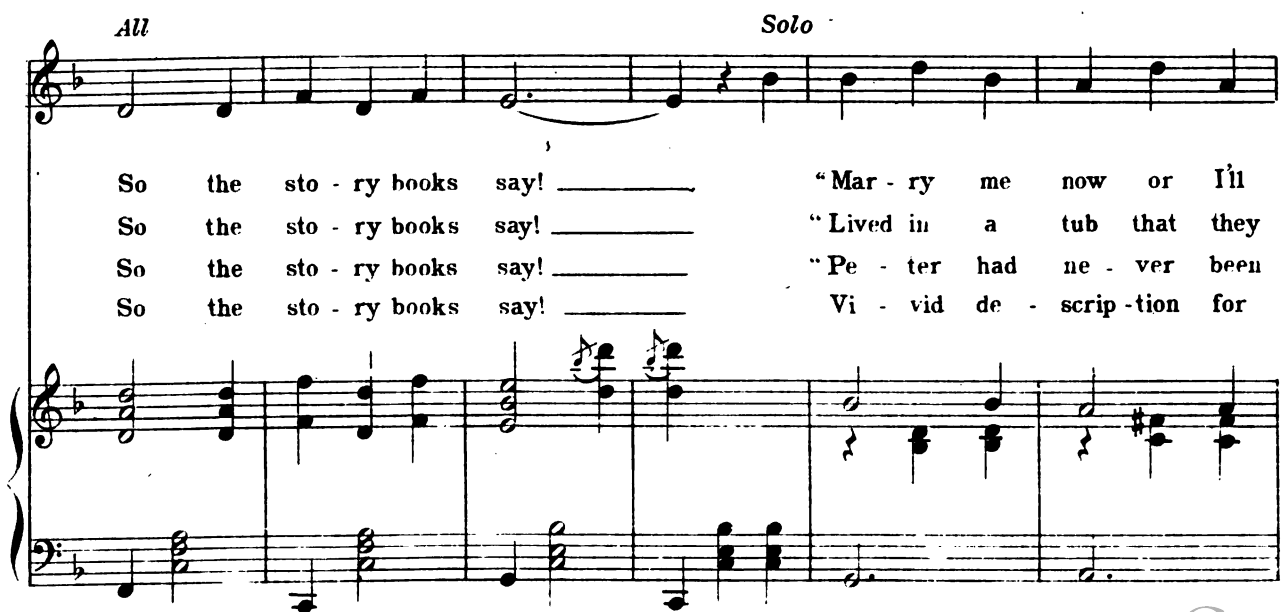

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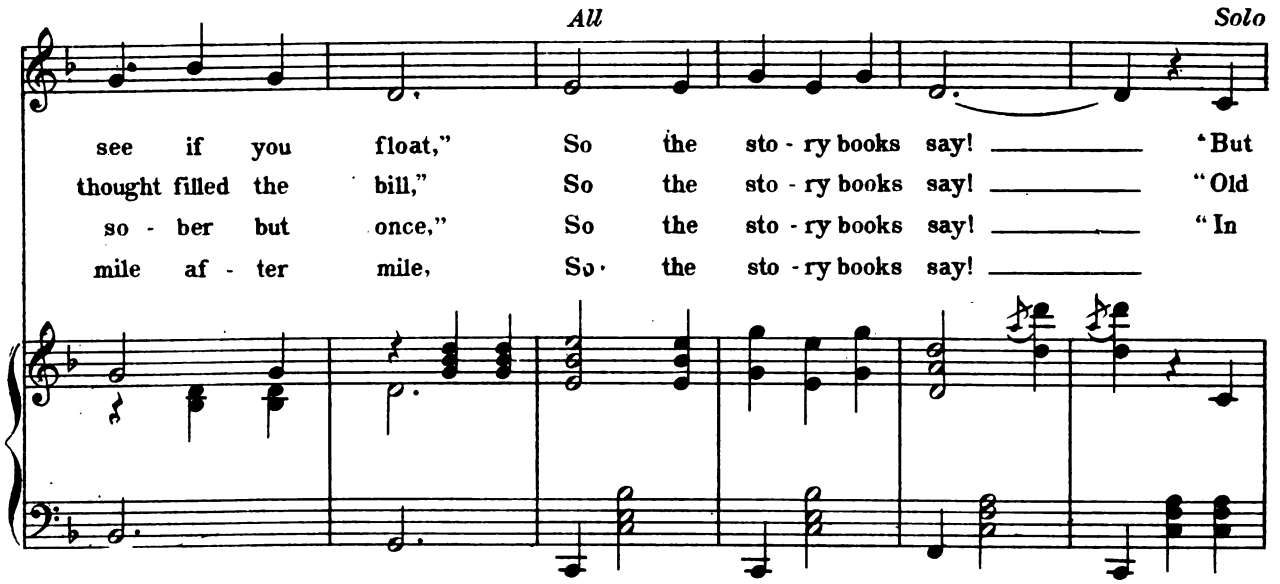

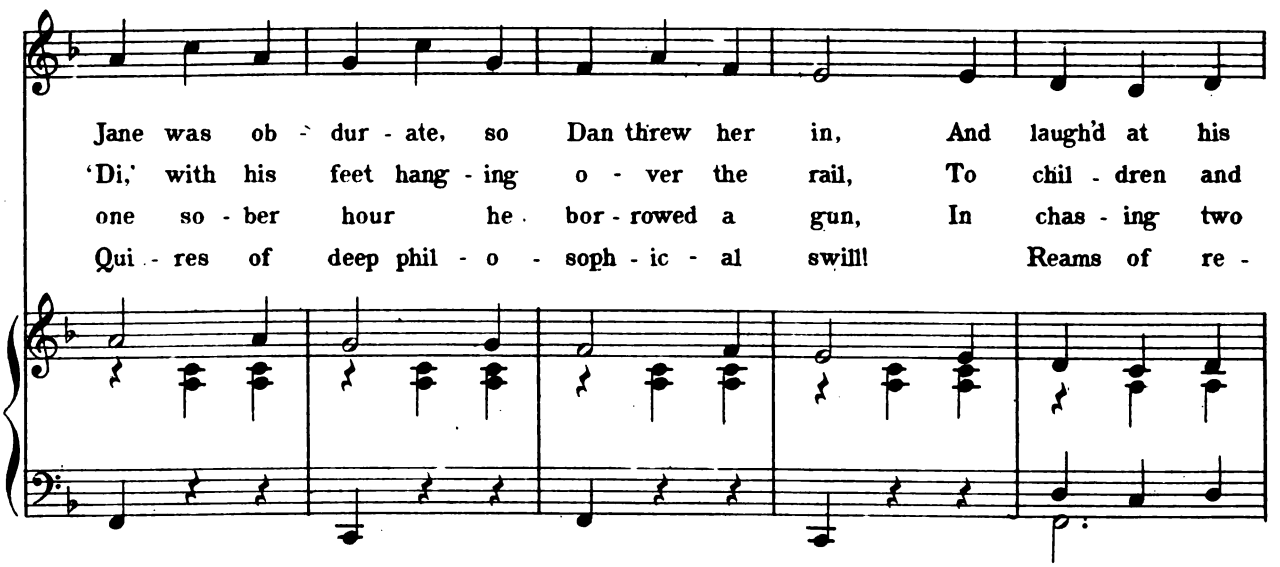

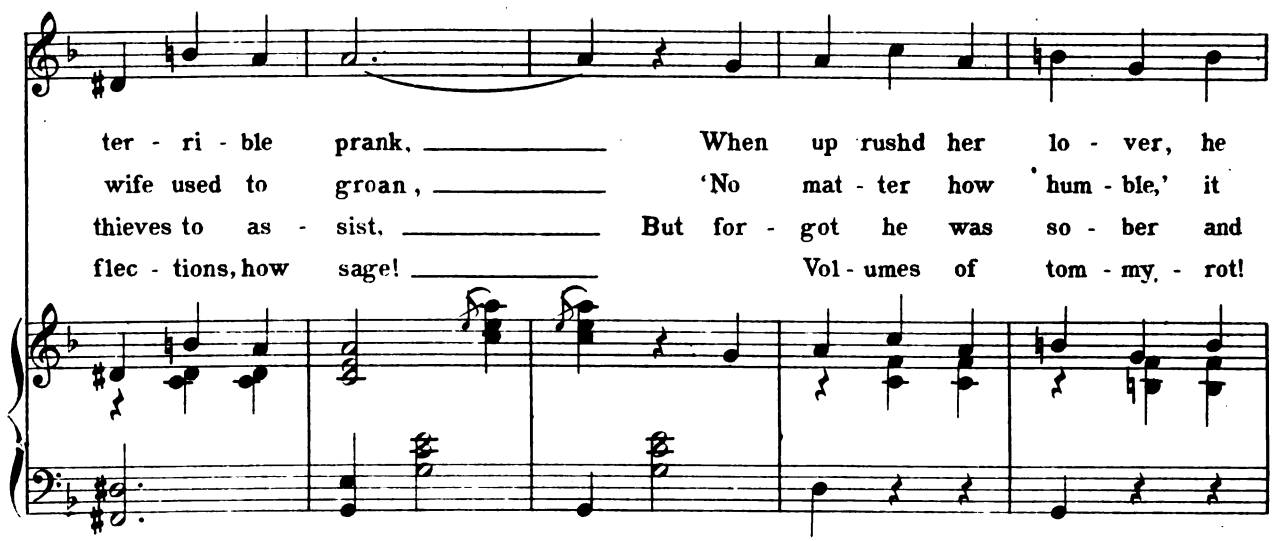

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knew Jane could swim, So in he threw Dan; Dan sank."
might be a pail, There's no place like home, sweet home!"
thought he saw one, So fi - red be - tween and missed."
Car - loads of nil! Of *sto - ry,* a half a page!

Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books! Blood-and - thun - der,
Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books! Home-sweet - home - once-
Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books! Mor - al, mon - i -
Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books! Lit - er - - a - ry,

go - ry books! The vil - lian's ne - ver smart or cle - ver In
mo - ry books! Oh hub - by ne - ver lacks en - dea - vor In
to - ry books! The drunk - ard ne - ver wins the fea - ther In
sno - ry books! Our wits can ne - ver hang to - geth - er On

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pen - ny pur - ga to - ry books; As a mat - ter of fact, he's
gen - ial hearth, ple - tho - ry books; As a mat - ter of fact, his
just - a - whis - key mo - rey books; As a mat - ter of fact, he's
good - old - days - of - yo - rey books; As a mat - ter of fact, they're

full of tact, Like all the oth - er hoa - ry crooks, With
sys - tem's rack'd, With pee - vish, pro - ba - to - ry cooks, All
quick to act, The more he drinks, the more he brooks, His
too ab - stract, And though we praise the bo - rey books, You

All

crime he's fraught but sel - dom's caught, Ex - cept in the sto - ry
night he swears and walks his heirs, Ex - cept in the sto - ry
life's a haze of gol - den days, Ex - cept in the sto - ry
know your - selves they like the shelves, The best of the sto - ry

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books. Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books!
books. Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books!
books. Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books!
books. Sto - ry books! Oh! Sto - ry books!

ff

Solo

Same old, tame old sto - ry books! With crime he's traught but
Same old, tame old sto - ry books! All night he swears and
Same old, tame old sto - ry books! His life's a haze of
Same old, tame old sto - ry books! You know your - selves they

mf

All

sel - dom's caught, Ex cept in the sto - ry books.
walks his heirs, Ex cept in the sto - ry books.
gol - den days, Ex cept in the sto - ry books.
like the shelves, The best of the sto - ry books.

ff

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THE DRUMMER-BOY.

Nº 23.

SONG.

Trump and Chorus.

Words by HAROLD OTIS.

Music by JOHN H. DENSMORE.

Voice.

Piano.

ff

Trump. 1. There is
2. Oh the

Chorus. Rat - ta - ta - tat - tat -

some - thing fine a - bout a drum - mer - boy,
drum - mer - boy he drum them up at dawn,

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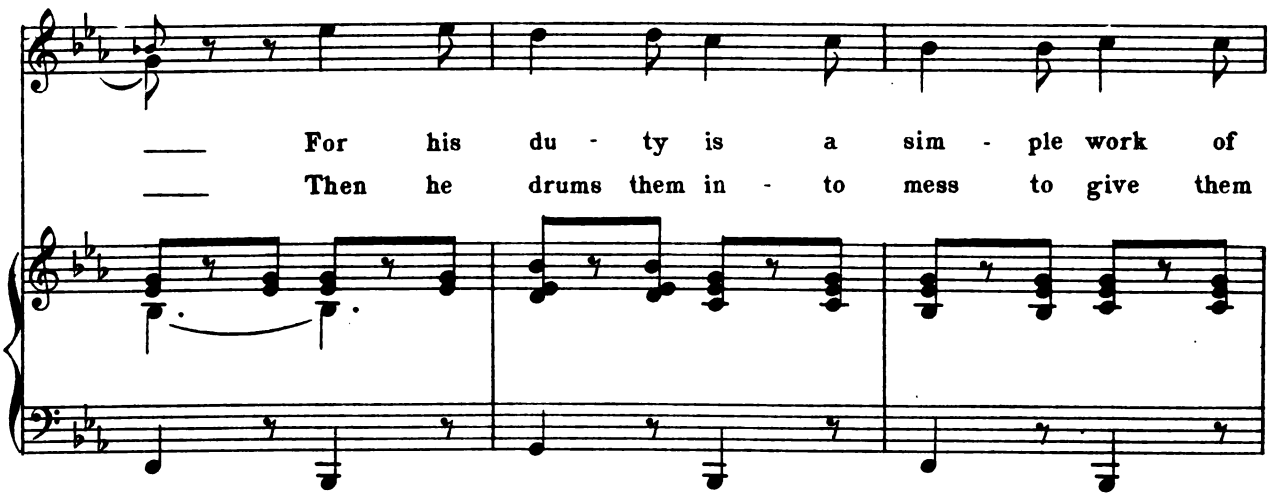
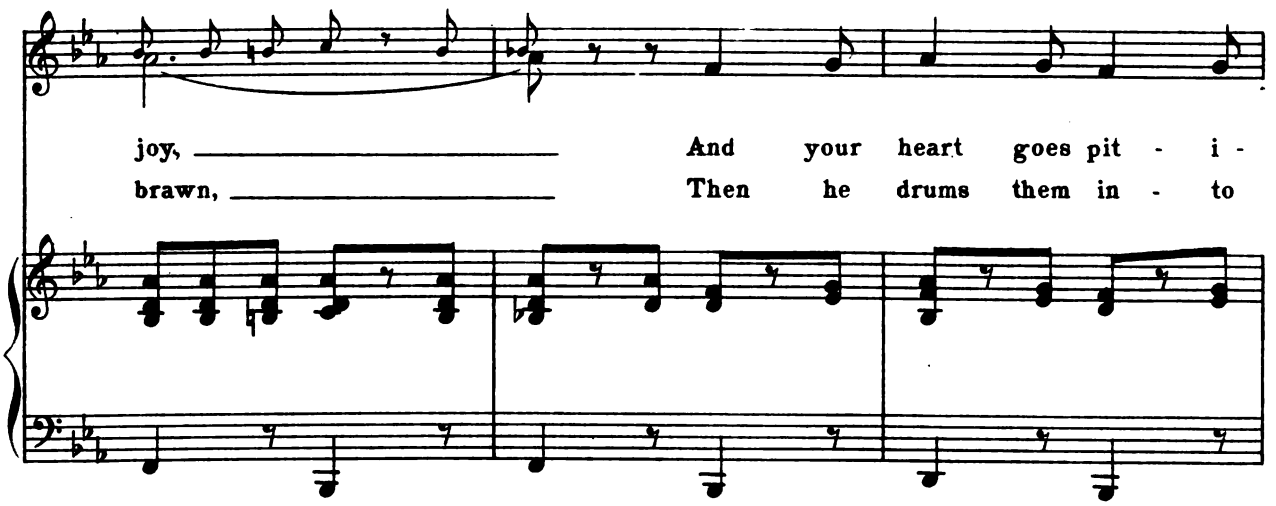
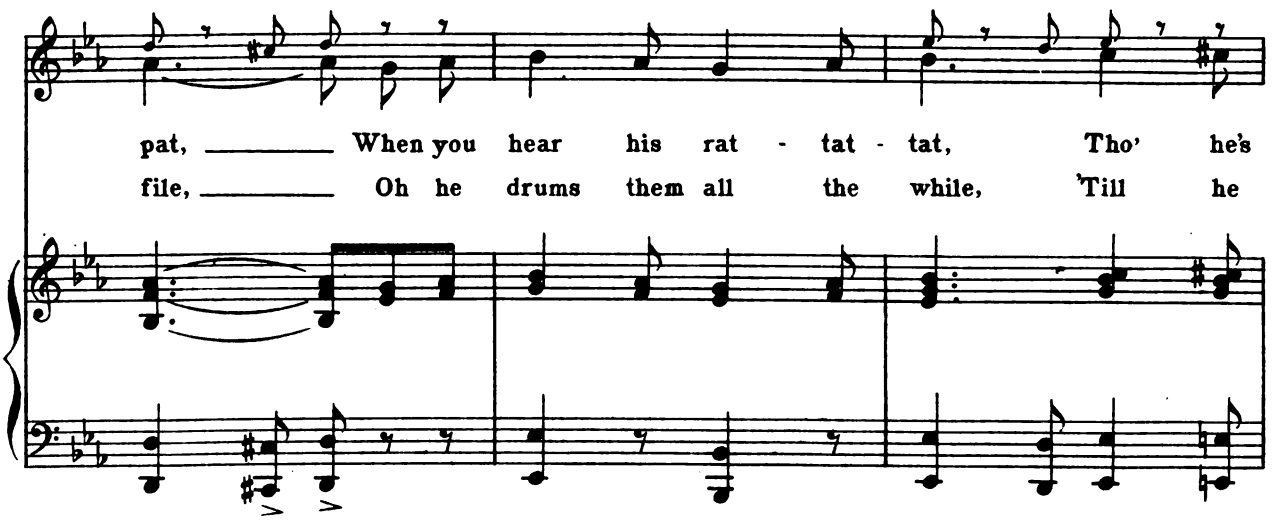
tat!



Rat - ta - ta - tat - tat - tat!



Pit - i - pat! Rat - tat - tat!
In - to file! All the while!



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Da-da-da - da - da -

lit - tle he's the loud - est of the band!
drums them in - to bed with taps at ten!

da!

Oh he plays a tune of cour - age on his
Oh he drums them in - to or - der on pa -

Rat - ta - ta - tat - tat - tat!

drum, And he makes a cru - el
rade, Un - der fi - re he can

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war a game of fun; He's the
drown a can - non - ade! 'Though the

ar - my's or - a - tor, as he drums them off to
fight is fought and won, still his du - ty is - n't

war, For he holds the ar - my's or - ders in his
done, 'Till he gai - ly drums the ar - my home a -

hand!
gain!

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Refrain. *Trump.*

And so they march be - - hind the drum - mer - boy, ___

mf

___ He is the voice and the spir - it of the ar

my! The rank and file a - - dore the drum - mer - boy, ___

___ For while they hear him in the van, they're nev - er qual -

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my. And so he leads them on to vic - to - ry,

His ra - ta - plan is the sym - bol of a sol - - -

dier! It's ve - ry true we owe him thanks migh - ty few would join the

ranks, If it was - n't for the drum - mer - boy.

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Chorus.

ff

And so they march be - - hind the drum - mer - boy,

He is the voice And the spir - it of the ar - - -

my! The rank and file a - dore the drum-mer-boy,

For while they hear him in the van, they're nev - er qual - - -

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my. And so he leads them on to vic - to - ry, ——

—— His ra - ta - plan is the sym - bol of a sol - - -

dier! It's ve - ry true we owe him thanks, migh - ty few would join the

ranks, If it was - n't for the drum - mer - boy. ——

C.F.W.Schlimper, Music Engr. & Printer, Boston, Mass.

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